Miss America

10¢

FEB.

FEATURING a tale of
ROMANCE ON SHIP-BOARD:
"NO TIME to DREAM!"

and of course **3 ROMANTIC**
PATSY WALKER
COMICS!

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: ". used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

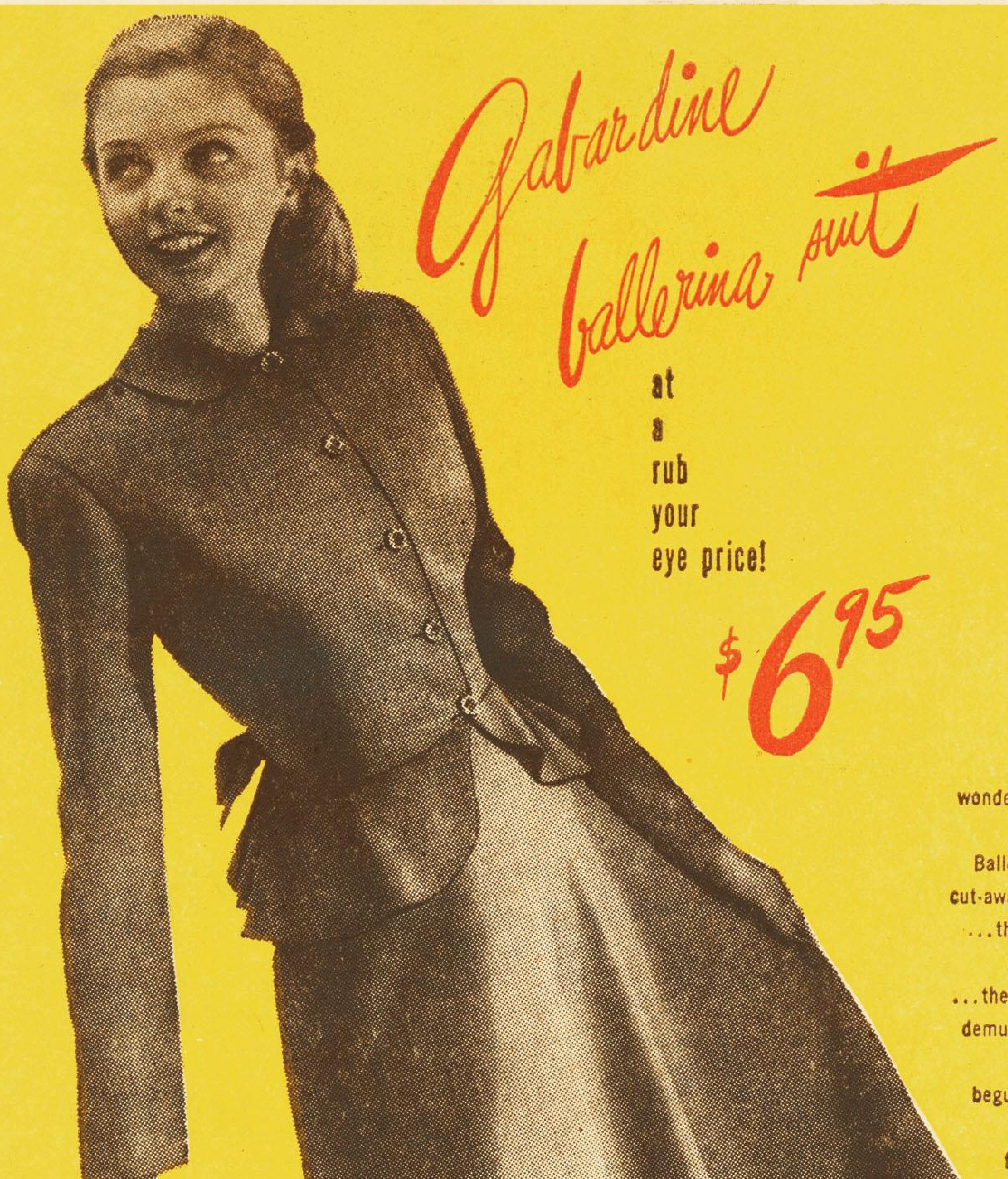
MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. MA-2
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________ State ____________

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is published monthly by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 169 Pratt Street, Meriden, Conn. Editorial Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter September 7, 1944, at the Post Office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1948 by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORP., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Vol. 7, No. 7, FEBRUARY, 1948 issue. Price 10c per copy. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. When changing address on subscriptions, please include both old and new address, also Code number. Printed in U.S.A.



Gabardine ballerina suit

at
a
rub
your
eye price!

$6.95

Life will be just one wonderful whirl after another in this full-skirted Ballerina Suit! The jacket's cut-away and hugs your waist ... the peplum flares gently over a wide, wide skirt ... the perky back bow ... the demure Peter Pan collar, all make you look ever so beguiling! **RAYON GABARDINE** from one of America's finest mills, in the new ballerina date length.

Teen sizes
10-12-14-16

Aqua · Dusty Pink
Maize · Powder Blue

Dixie Shops

Yours on approval! Send no Money!

DIXIE SHOPS Dept. 87
275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N.Y.
Please send me the BALLERINA SUIT. I'll pay postman $6.95 plus postage.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice

My Name ______________________
Print
My Address ______________________
City ______________ State ______
MONEY BACK GUARANTEED IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS

MISS AMERICA

CONTENTS

COMICS

PATSY WALKER

"Patsy's Convertible Craze" . . . 6

PATSY WALKER

"Pest In The House" 19

PATSY WALKER

"Patsy's Puzzling Pearls" . . . 37

FICTION

"NO TIME TO DREAM"

By Rosalie F. Wilson 14

"THE MAN WHO WASN'T"

By Jo Robbins 24

"THE PARTY"

By Helen Gregutt 30

"GRAMPS BITES THE DUST"

By Gloria Copeland 44

STAN LEE

Editor - Director of Art

ALAN SULMAN

RUTH COGAN

Editorial Associates

GARY KELLER

Production Associate

Please secure your copy of MISS AMERICA from your favorite newsdealer, as we are not in a position to accept any more new or renewal subscriptions until further notice.

Correspondence from old subscribers concerning subscriptions should be sent to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Subscription Department, 82 Beaver Street, New York 5, N. Y. Changes of address must include old address as well as the new one, and include code numbers from your last label.

IF YOU LIKE MISS AMERICA YOU WILL LIKE HER SISTER MAGAZINE JUNIOR MISS!

ADVICE TO MISS AMERICA READERS FOR

BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life – dates, romance, popularity, social and business success – only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! – no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

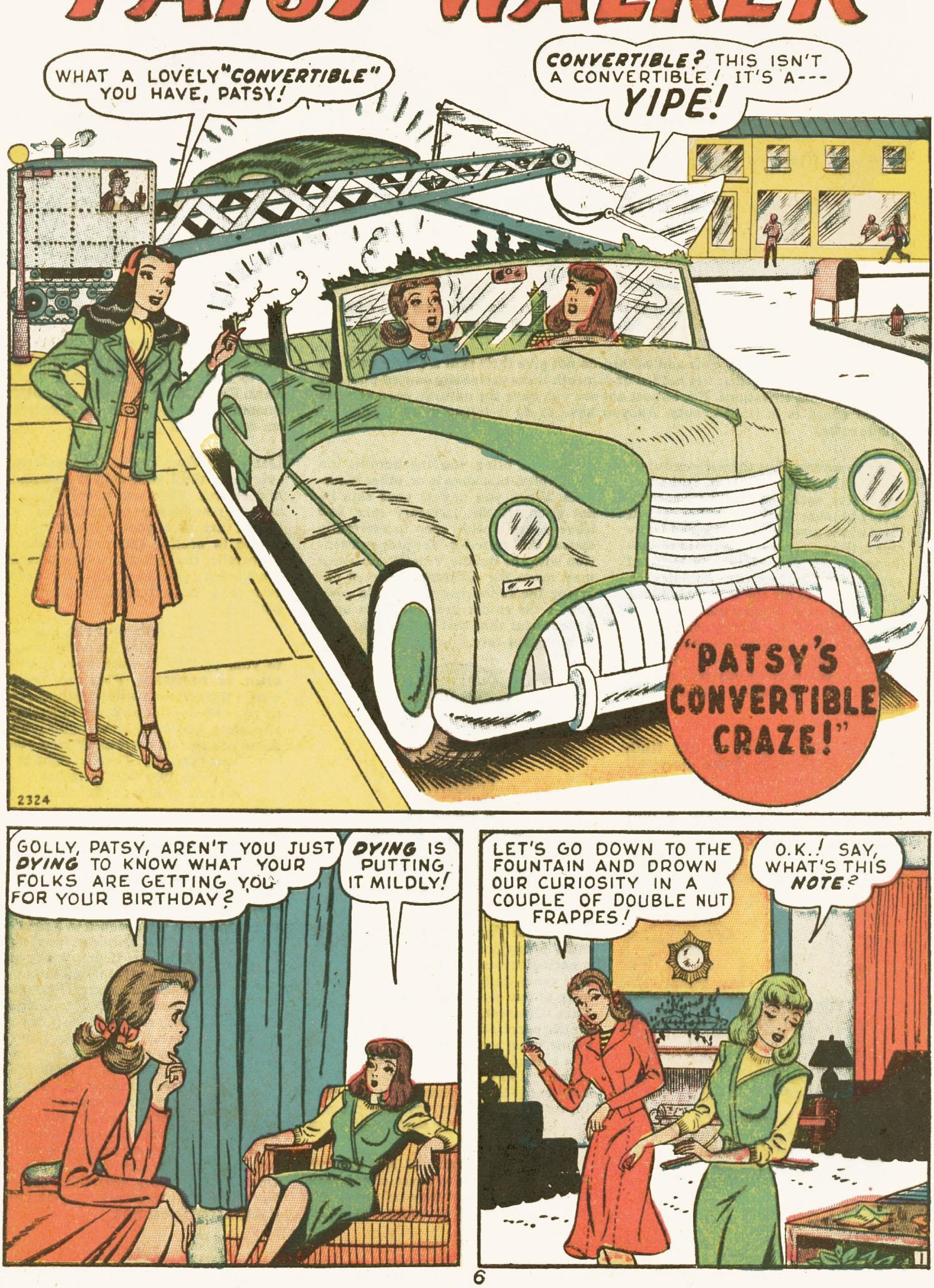
This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

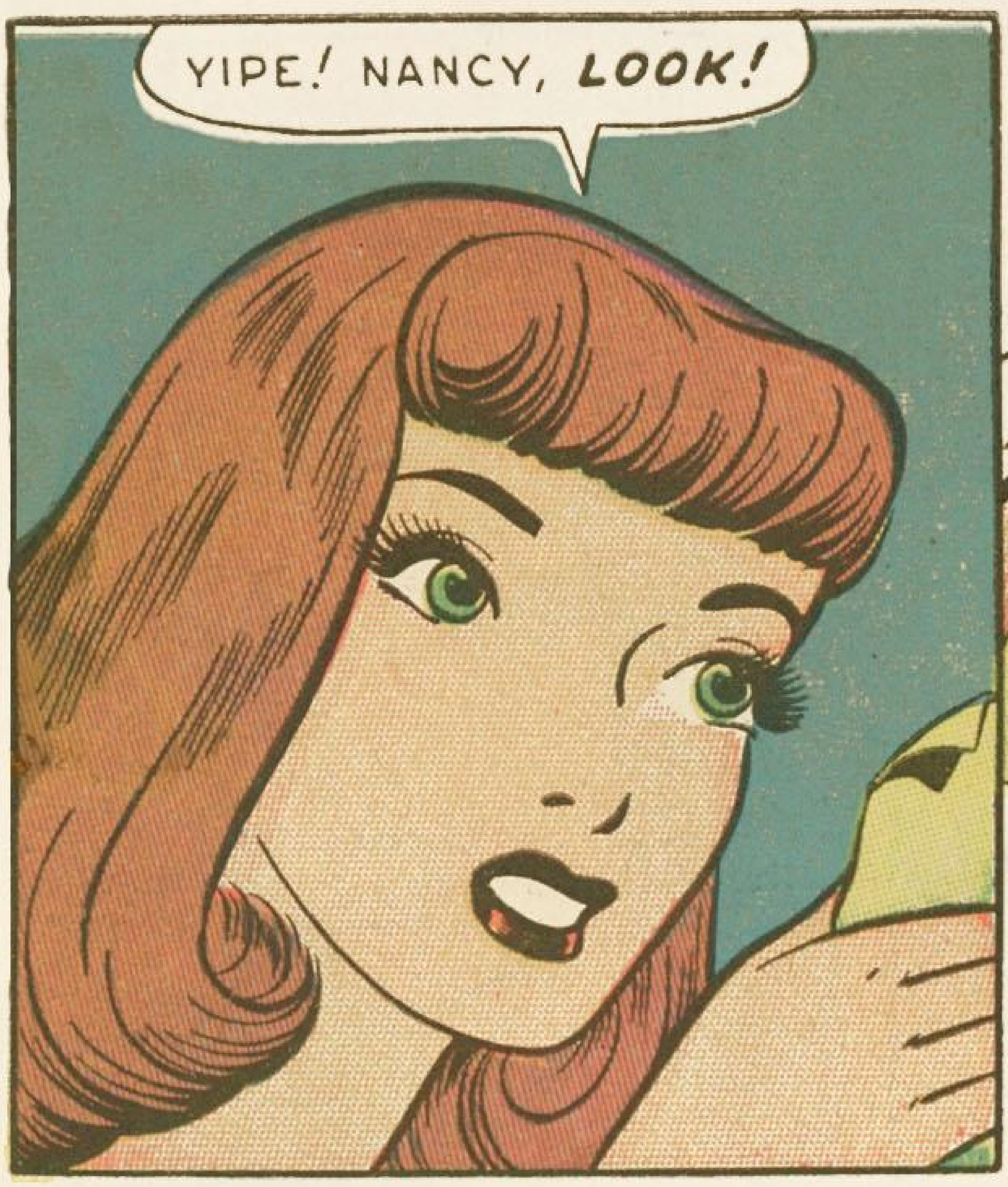
Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

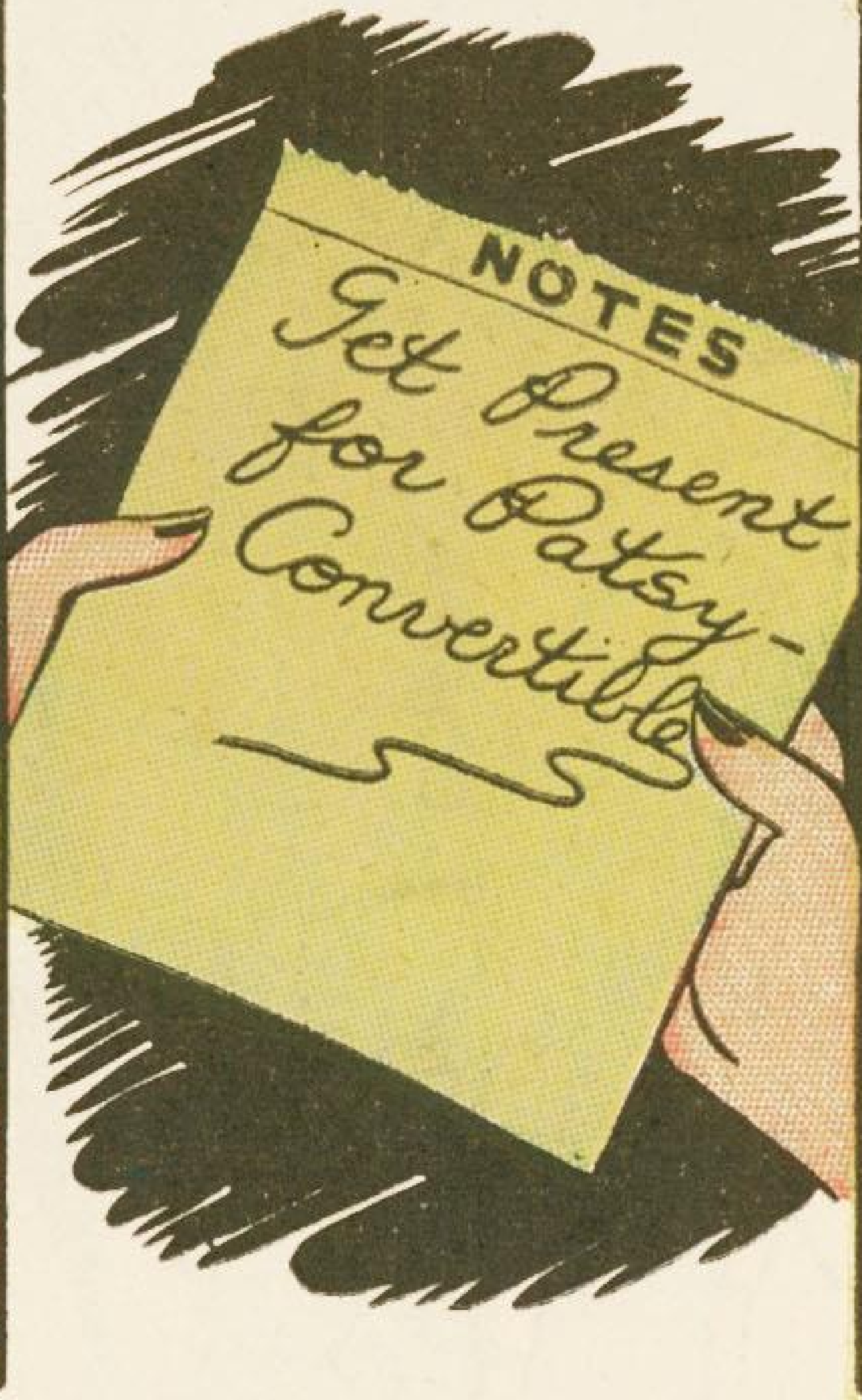
Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close [illegible] pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

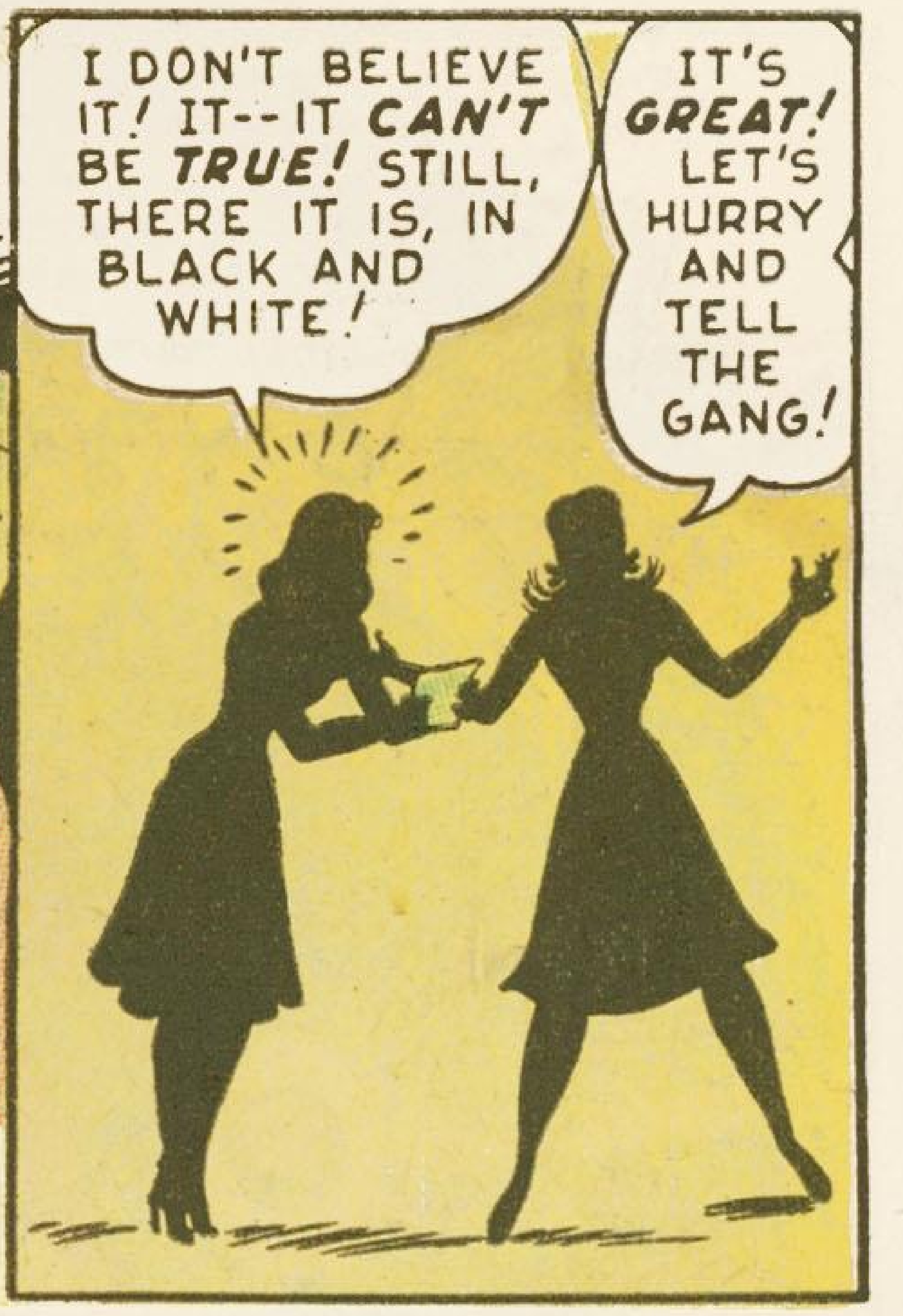
Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 291 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

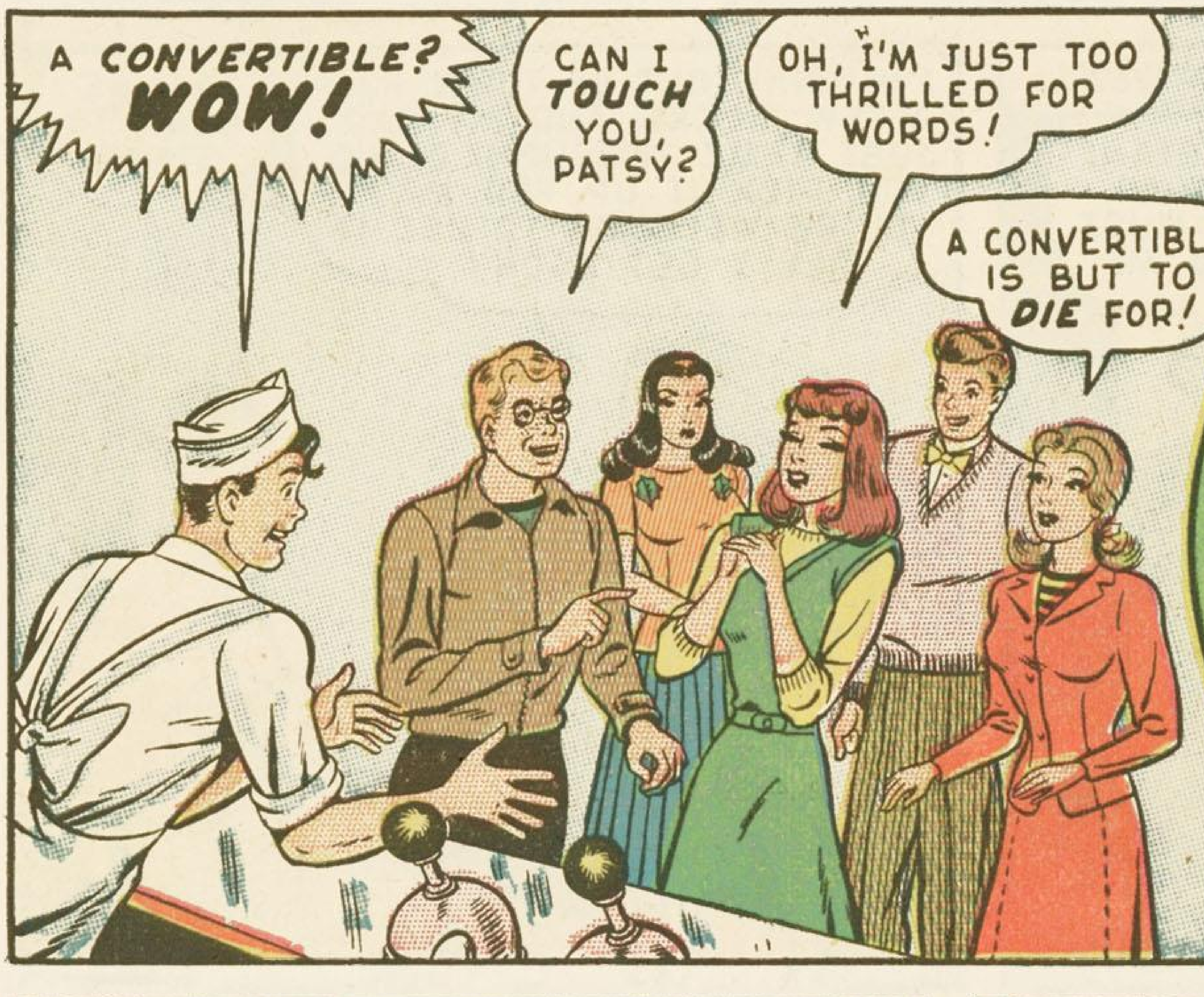
PATSY WALKER

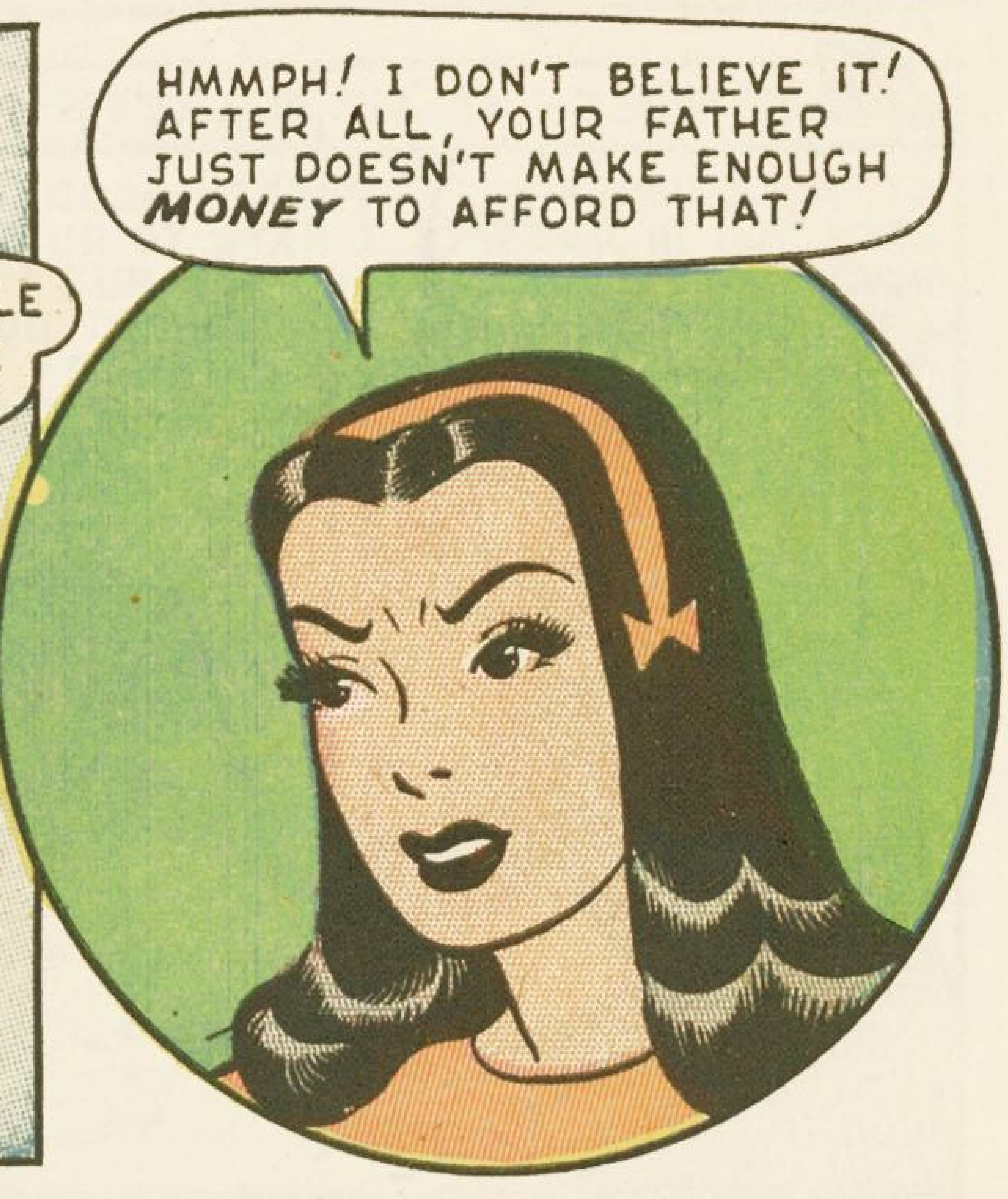

WHAT A LOVELY "CONVERTIBLE" YOU HAVE, PATSY!
CONVERTIBLE? THIS ISN'T A CONVERTIBLE! IT'S A--- YIPE!
"PATSY'S CONVERTIBLE CRAZE!"
2324
GOLLY, PATSY, AREN'T YOU JUST DYING TO KNOW WHAT YOUR FOLKS ARE GETTING YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY?
DYING IS PUTTING IT MILDLY!
LET'S GO DOWN TO THE FOUNTAIN AND DROWN OUR CURIOSITY IN A COUPLE OF DOUBLE NUT FRAPPES!
O.K.! SAY, WHAT'S THIS NOTE?
1

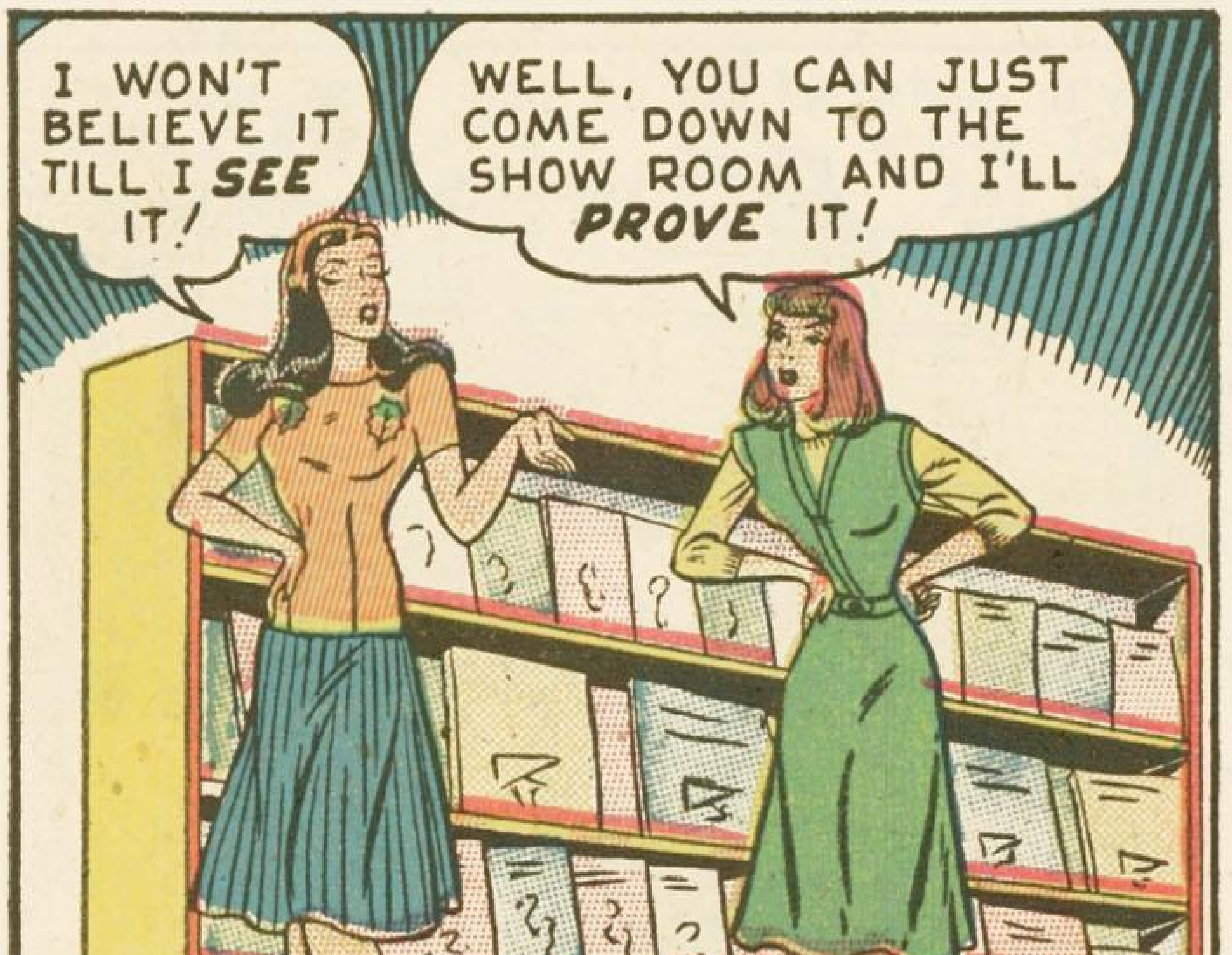

YIPE! NANCY, **LOOK!**

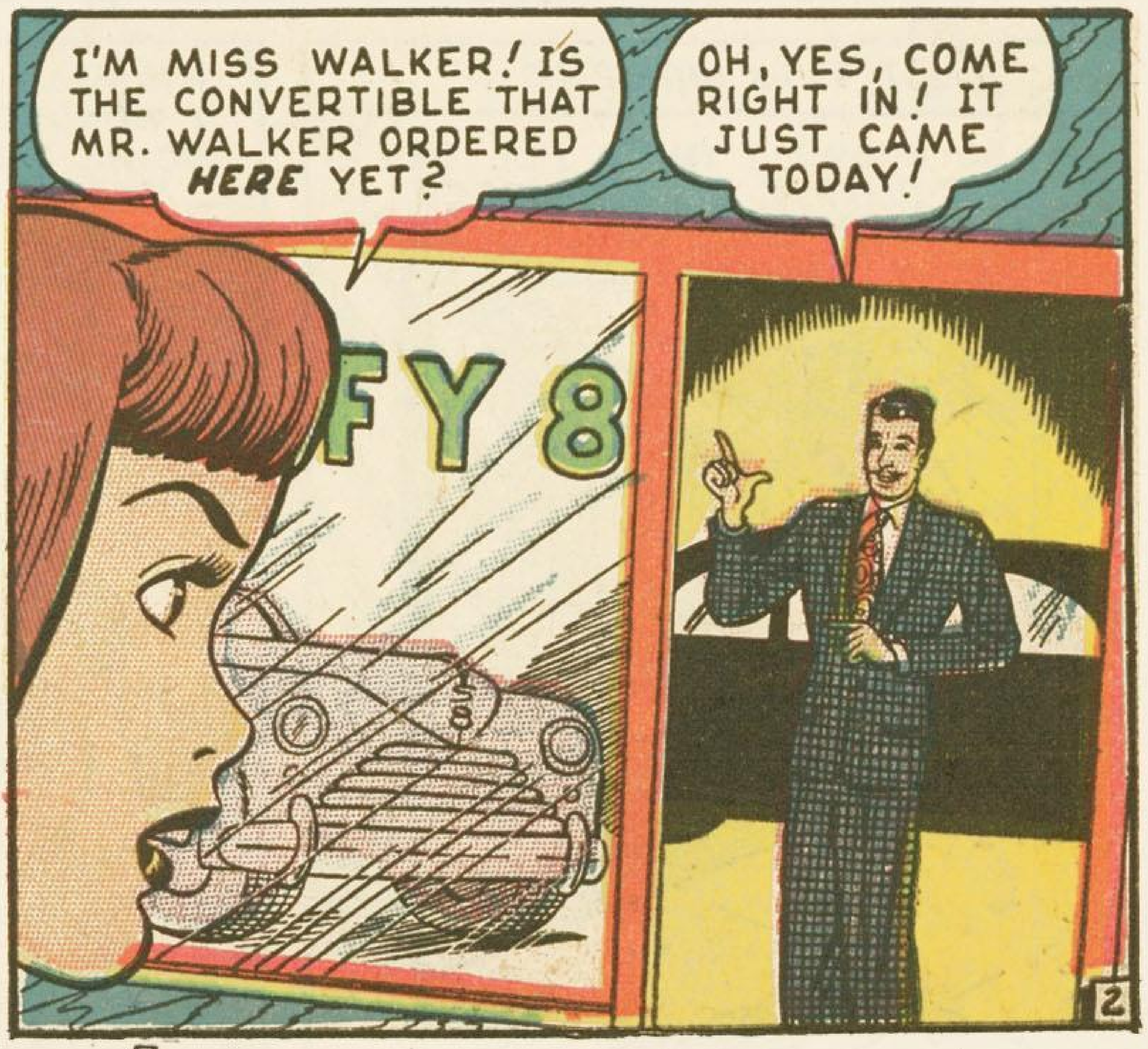

NOTES
Get Present for Patsy- Convertible


I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT-- IT **CAN'T** BE **TRUE!** STILL, THERE IT IS, IN BLACK AND WHITE!
IT'S **GREAT!** LET'S HURRY AND TELL THE GANG!

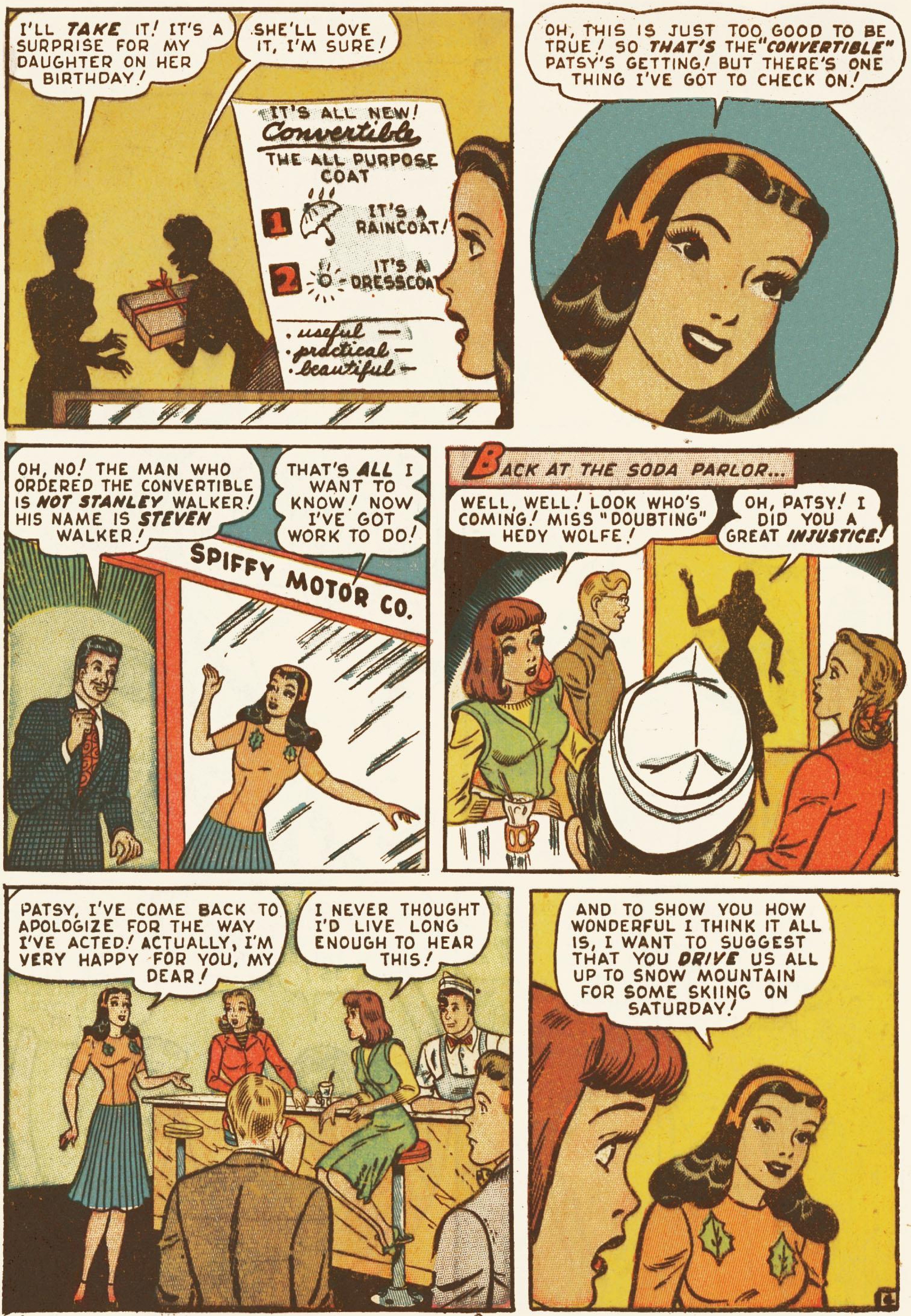

A **CONVERTIBLE? WOW!**
CAN I **TOUCH** YOU, PATSY?
OH, I'M JUST TOO THRILLED FOR WORDS!
A CONVERTIBLE IS BUT TO **DIE** FOR!


HMMPH! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! AFTER ALL, YOUR FATHER JUST DOESN'T MAKE ENOUGH **MONEY** TO AFFORD THAT!


I WON'T BELIEVE IT TILL I **SEE** IT!
WELL, YOU CAN JUST COME DOWN TO THE SHOW ROOM AND I'LL **PROVE** IT!


I'M MISS WALKER! IS THE CONVERTIBLE THAT MR. WALKER ORDERED **HERE** YET?
OH, YES, COME RIGHT IN! IT JUST CAME TODAY!
FY 8
2

OH, PATSY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
WHAT A *CHARIOT*!
PSST, PAT! THERE GOES HEDY!
I GUESS THIS WAS JUST *TOO MUCH* FOR HER! HER FACE WAS WAS RED!
SPIFFY 8
I DON'T *GET* IT! HOW CAN A *NOBODY* LIKE PATSY GET A CAR LIKE THAT?
MEANWHILE– AT MR. WALKER'S OFFICE...
STEVE! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN *AGES*! HOW'S MY FAVORITE KID BROTHER?
PRETTY GOOD, STAN! I HATE TO RUSH IN AND OUT BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO DO ME A *FAVOR*!
I'M GOING OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW WEEKS AND MY CAR JUST CAME THROUGH! COULD YOU PICK IT UP FOR ME? YOU'RE WELCOME TO USE IT TILL I GET BACK!
I'LL BE GLAD TO, STEVE!
AT THIS MOMENT...
I'M SO ANGRY, I THINK I'LL GET A *NEW OUTFIT* JUST TO KEEP MY MIND OFF THAT AWFUL PATSY WALKER!
Teen Shoppe
HMMM, PATSY'S MOTHER! I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING *HERE* IN THE *"TEEN SHOPPE?"*
OH YES, MRS. WALKER! IT'S THE VERY *LATEST*!
SALE 5.98


I'LL TAKE IT! IT'S A SURPRISE FOR MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTHDAY!
SHE'LL LOVE IT, I'M SURE!
IT'S ALL NEW! Convertible THE ALL PURPOSE COAT
1 IT'S A RAINCOAT!
2 IT'S A DRESSCOAT
useful — practical — beautiful —
OH, THIS IS JUST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! SO THAT'S THE "CONVERTIBLE" PATSY'S GETTING! BUT THERE'S ONE THING I'VE GOT TO CHECK ON!
OH, NO! THE MAN WHO ORDERED THE CONVERTIBLE IS NOT STANLEY WALKER! HIS NAME IS STEVEN WALKER!
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! NOW I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
SPIFFY MOTOR CO.
BACK AT THE SODA PARLOR...
WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO'S COMING! MISS "DOUBTING" HEDY WOLFE!
OH, PATSY! I DID YOU A GREAT INJUSTICE!
PATSY, I'VE COME BACK TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY I'VE ACTED! ACTUALLY, I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU, MY DEAR!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO HEAR THIS!
AND TO SHOW YOU HOW WONDERFUL I THINK IT ALL IS, I WANT TO SUGGEST THAT YOU DRIVE US ALL UP TO SNOW MOUNTAIN FOR SOME SKIING ON SATURDAY!
6

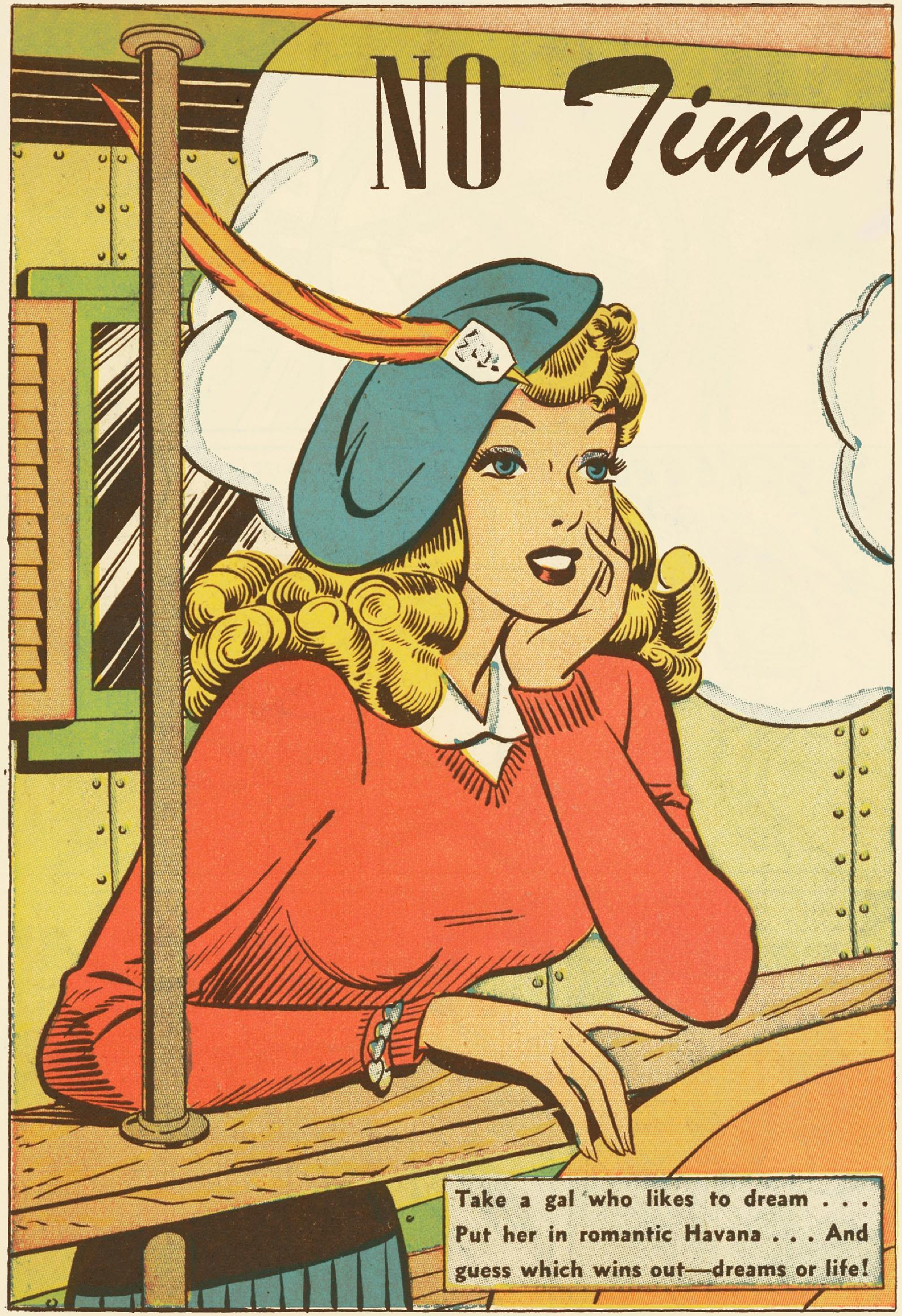
GEE, PATSY, THAT'S A SWELL IDEA!
SUPER!
WELL--I--IT IS A GOOD IDEA! OKAY!
SATURDAY IS TOMORROW AND I'LL PICK YOU ALL UP HERE AT TEN O'CLOCK!
BUT, PATSY! YOUR BIRTHDAY ISN'T UNTIL SUNDAY! HOW WILL YOU GET YOUR PRESENT ON SATURDAY?
I'LL JUST HAVE TO TALK THE FOLKS INTO GIVING IT TO ME TONIGHT!
LATER...
WELL, PATSY, I STILL CAN'T SEE WHAT WOULD BE SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU NEED YOUR PRESENT TONIGHT! BUT I GUESS IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
GOLLY GEE, MOM! YOU'RE THE SWEETEST AND BESTEST MOTHER THERE IS!
SORRY I'M LATE, DEAR! BUT WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE WONDERFUL SURPRISE I'VE-
LATER, STANLEY! YOU'VE KEPT DINNER WAITING LONG ENOUGH AS IT IS!
JUST LOOK AT DADDY'S SMUG EXPRESSION! HE THINKS I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SURPRISE IS!
SHHH-THEY'LL HEAR YOU! AND FOR GOODNESS SAKE, ACT SURPRISED WHEN YOU GET IT!
5

AFTER DINNER...
ALL RIGHT, PATSY, ALL RIGHT! STOP BURSTING AT THE SEAMS! WE'LL GIVE YOU YOUR PRESENT NOW!
GOLLY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET BEHIND THAT WHEEER, I MEAN, I'LL BE SOOO SURPRISED!
IT'S UPSTAIRS ON YOUR BED!
WHOOPEE!
---ON--- ---THE--- BED?
HA! HA! THAT'S QUITE FUNNY, MOTHER! OF COURSE, YOU'RE TEASING! NOW WHERE IS IT, REALLY? OUTSIDE? OR IN THE GARAGE, MAYBE?
OUTSIDE? GARAGE? HOW SILLY! IT'S WHERE I SAID! ON YOUR BED! DO YOU OR DON'T YOU WANT IT NOW?
I'LL -- GET -- IT -- NOW --
OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE!
PATSY, DEAR! DON'T YOU LIKE YOUR NEW "CONVERTIBLE" COAT?
OH, I-IT'S B-B-BEAUTIFUL! (SNIFF)
WHY, PATSY, Y-YOU'RE CRYING, DEAR!
OH, (SNIFF) PLEASE FORGIVE ME, MOTHER, FOR ACTING SO UNGRATEFUL! (SNIFF) IT'S A LOVELY PRESENT, BUT--
6

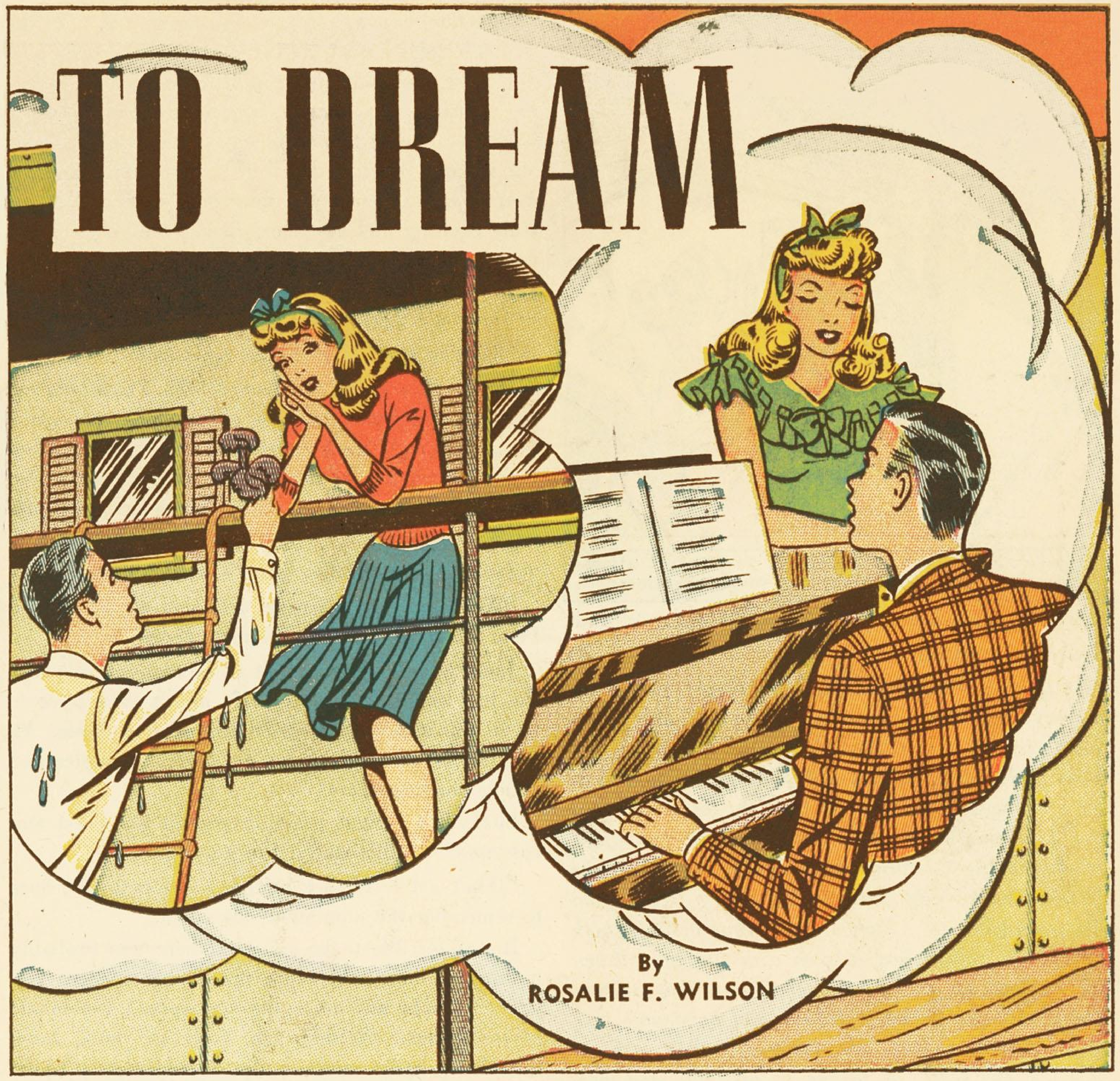
... AND I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE A **CONVERTIBLE CAR** (SNIFF)! I PROMISED TO TAKE THE GANG TO SNOW MOUNTAIN AND NOW WHAT CAN I TELL THEM (SNIFF)?
OH, DEAR! I JUST DON'T KNOW!
HMM!
IS THAT ALL THAT'S WORRYING YOU, PATSY BABY? JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT I'VE GOT OUTSIDE!
HUH? (SNIFF)
WOW! IT'S THE SAME ONE I SHOWED THE GANG!
AND YOUR UNCLE STEVE SAID WE COULD USE IT! THAT MEANS YOU TOO, PATSY!
S8
SATURDAY MORNING—AT THE WOLFE RESIDENCE...
WOW! IT'S ALMOST TEN! I'VE GOT TO MEET THE GANG!
OH, HELLO, HEDY! SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGING YOUR CAR? YOU KNOW WE'RE GOING IN PATSY'S NEW CONVERTIBLE!
HAH! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! WAIT'LL YOU HEAR WHAT I FOUND OUT!
PATSY TRIED TO PUT ONE OVER ON ALL OF US! SHE GOT A **RAINCOAT**, NOT A **CAR**! YOU'D BE WAITING HERE ALL DAY IF I DIDN'T BRING MY CAR!
7

YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE THAT TO ME, HEDY!
ALL RIGHT, BUZZIE DEAR, I'LL DRIVE YOU DOWN TO THE TEEN SHOP AND PROVE THAT MRS. WALKER BOUGHT A COAT FOR PATSY!
AND WHEN WE RETURN I'LL TAKE YOU ALL UP TO SNOW MOUNTAIN IN A REAL CAR — NOT IN SOMETHING THAT'S A FIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION!
HEDY! THAT CAR! LOOK OUT!
HUH?
SCREEECH!
?
?
HEY, BUZZ! COME ON! LOOK! IT'S PATSY AND SHE DOES HAVE A CONVERTIBLE!
HURRY, BUZZ! WE WANT TO GET SOME SKIING DONE!
?
?
WAIT — WHAT ABOUT ME?
WHY, HEDY! YOU'VE GOT A REAL CAR! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO RIDE IN SOMETHING THAT'S A FIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION! HA!
OH!
HA, HA, HA!
'BYE, NOW!
HA, HA, HA!
THE END
8

NO Time TO DREAM



Take a gal who likes to dream . . . Put her in romantic Havana . . . And guess which wins out—dreams or life!



By
ROSALIE F. WILSON

THE white-uniformed stewards appeared on deck once more beating their metal gongs with heavy mallets and warning authoritatively now, "All ashore that's go-o-o-oing ashore." The ship strained against the ropes which bound it to the pier and made small hoarse sounds.

The rail was lined solidly with vacationers, and Janet found herself pushed up tight against a support. She leaned forward, scanning the upturned faces below her on the pier. They held a vacant, sorrowful anonymity and she squeezed her eyelids together.

There was something terribly pathetic, she decided, about starting a journey without anyone special caring enough to come down and say goodby. After all, a boat sailing away from land was so final, so irrevocable somehow. Boats had been known to go down in the middle of the ocean.

Her mother nudged her. "There's Aunt Harriet, dear. Wave to Aunt Harriet."

Janet focused her eyes on the pink feather hat that was Aunt Harriet. She waved a crumpled white handkerchief. Aunt Harriet was not what she had meant by special.

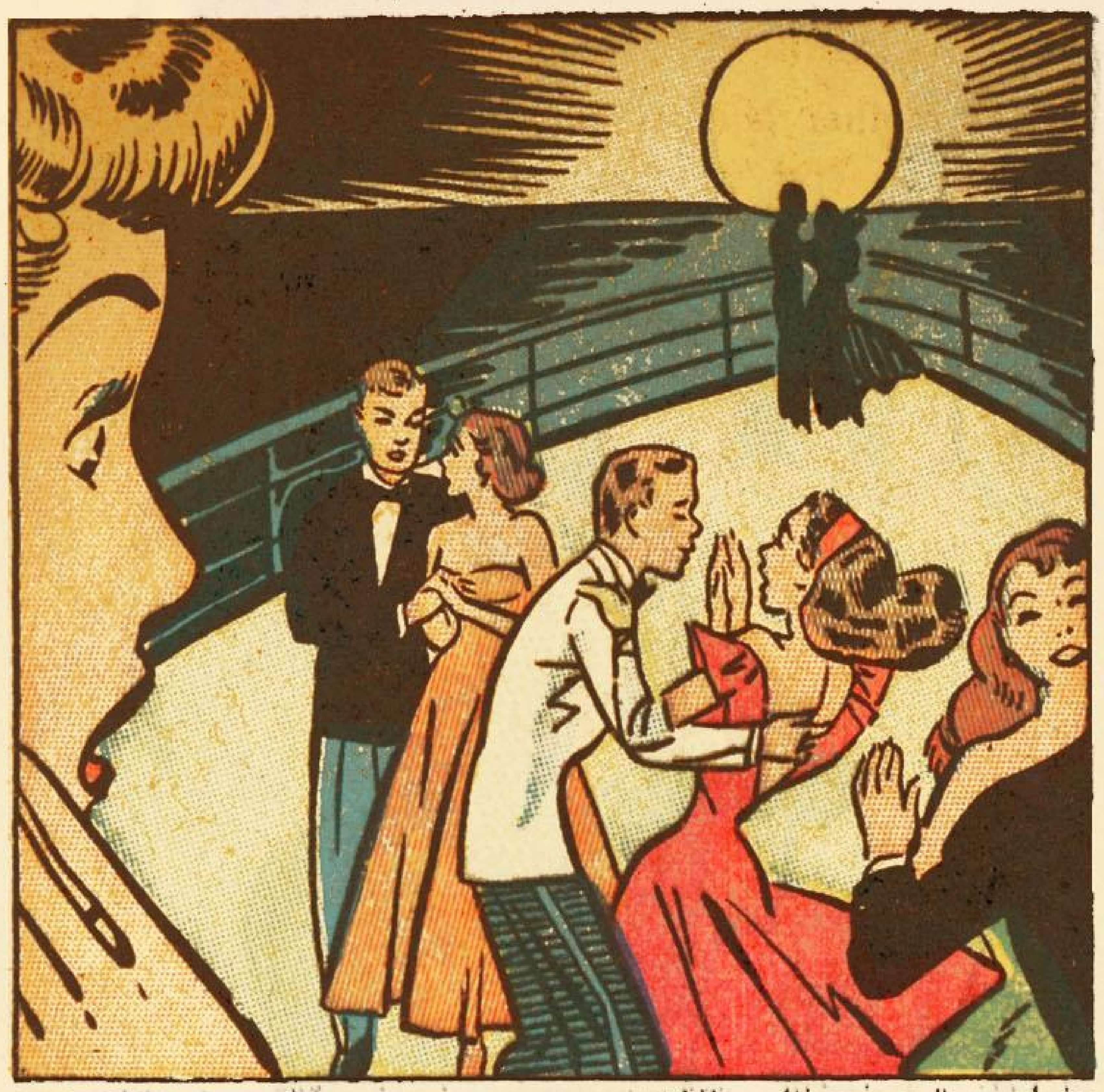
Suddenly the ship seemed to shudder. Two hoarse, anguished cries blasted the air, and the gangplank magically detached itself from the dock and slid smoothly onto the ship.

The faces below began to move slowly backward and the ropes that held the boat tightened and snapped.

"We're moving," her father said.

"We're on our way," her mother told her excitedly.

Janet stared at the fluttering handkerchiefs that



It seemed like such a waste. All this terrific atmosphere for old married couples and young honeymooners.

were becoming a blur of white in the distance. Suddenly she stiffened.

A figure detached itself from the crowd, poised for a crazy moment on the railing of the deck and gracefully cleaved the water. There was a welling cry from hundreds of throats and then deathly silence as all eyes focused on the small half-invisible figure that cut the gray-black river with smooth, practiced strokes. Little by little the swimmer gained on the now-motionless ship, until, with a gasp of relief from the passengers, he snatched at the rope ladder which one of the sailors had thrown over the side. When he emerged on deck, Janet could see that he was young, not more than seventeen, and handsome in a dark, saturnine way. He made his way straight through the crush of people to her side and presented a glowing orchid which Janet realized he had carried in his teeth through the bone-chilling water. "I wanted you to have this," he said simply.

"Really, Janet," her mother said again, "if you don't hurry, we won't be able to get a table together for lunch."

She blinked and looked up from the little white-capped ripples. The rail had cleared and only a dozen people remained on deck.

"You'll see plenty of water for the next two days," her father's voice was amused. "It won't disappear if we go below for a half hour."

After lunch she returned to the stateroom with her mother to open the bags and hang away the dresses. The two closets were shallower than a soup plate and she wondered what they would do with all their clothes.

She hung away the two evening gowns first, the yellow organdy with the full skirt and the navy blue silk jersey with the bare midriff. They had seemed to guarantee excitement, adventure and romance when she bought them, but now with a sinking heart she realized she had deceived herself again. Nothing ever happened when you were only sixteen. Nothing truly exciting had happened in her life yet, and, except for a sunburn, she knew with a deadly certainty she would have nothing to show for her first trip to Havana either.

"They're so old," she said tentatively.

Her mother raised well-kept brows. From long experience she could find the proper pegs on which to hang her child's fragments of conversation. "Not really. There are naturally a lot of settled married people, but I saw some sweet honeymoon couples too."

Janet sighed heavily. "That's what I mean."

"Well, for heaven's sake. Did you expect to find Peter Lawford and that Johnson lad aboard?"

Janet hadn't. Anyway not in so many words. But she had expected someone. He didn't even have to be in the movies. It seemed like such a waste. All this terrific atmosphere for old married couples and young honeymooners.

She felt a weight pressing against her chest and rose quickly. "It's stuffy. I'm going upstairs."

"Don't get lost," her mother cautioned. "Be sure to remember the number of the room."

It was terrible to be sixteen. There was probably nothing in the world worse than being sixteen. You weren't a baby any more, but you weren't a complete person either. Neither fish, flesh nor fowl, Janet thought drearily—and wondered immediately where she had read that marvelously descriptive phrase.

On deck the air was raw, as befitted November, and a damp, heavy breeze swept the deck. A few bundled-up souls stood at the rail looking out over the blackish water.

Janet made one complete lap around the deck and started another. It was really true then. There wasn't a single human being on board. Practically everybody was over thirty and the rest were over sixty.

She turned into the nearest doorway and found herself in a large library. It was dim and empty, but someone was playing the grand piano. She couldn't see who it was because of the angle, and she sank into a brown leather chair which felt damp against her skin, leaned back and closed her eyes. The person was playing Gershwin. *Someone to Watch Over Me.* It sounded beautiful and she felt little tingles go up her spine.

Suddenly the music broke off abruptly. A low-timbred voice sounded at her elbow. "I didn't mean to disturb you. I hadn't realized you came in." She opened her eyes and smiled lazily, slowly. "I saw you out on deck," the young man continued, "and you reminded me of that song. That's exactly what you need, you know—someone to watch over you." "Do go on," Janet told him gently. "It was perfectly beautiful." Suddenly his handsome face twisted. "When I gave up concert work I swore never to play again. But I couldn't help myself. There was a look about you that drew me to the piano. I was forced to express what I felt when I looked at you. I can't, well, put it into words, but maybe you'll understand this. He sat down and caressed the keys lovingly. You and the Night and the Music.

Janet got up and walked toward the piano. "That's lovely," she breathed.

The woman looked up. "Well, thank you, dear. It's nice to know all those scales brought some result." She had a long face and long horsy teeth. She flexed her fingers. "Cold and damp in here. I'll bet you can't wait until we hit the Gulf Stream tomorrow. I know I'll be glad to feel some sun and heat."

"Yes," Janet said dutifully. "It will be wonderful." Only deep down she knew that it would never be warm. The whole trip would be cold and miserable just like it was today.

But when she came out on deck the second day the sun shone brightly and the breeze was warm and soft. The water had miraculously changed color—it was turquoise now and you could see far down into it.

Her mood changed, too, imperceptibly but surely as the day slid past. She could feel a secret waiting, a hushed expectancy, curled tightly inside her like an unopened bud. She knew that at sixteen nothing ever measured up to your expectations, but that secret waiting inside made the present all shadow. Only the future was bright with promises.

After all, the morning would bring Havana and there was magic in the liquid name. She swam lazily around the canvas pool on the Promenade Deck and savored the delicious taste of anticipation. Grilled windows and flashing black eyes behind cobwebby lace. Guitars and heavy fragrant rose gardens. Havana.

And then, just before dinner on the second day, Morro Castle came into sight, the brown and the green of land looking strange and beautiful after all the vast expanse of ocean.

The first thing she noticed after she came ashore was the dinginess of the streets.

Her mother laughed tenderly. "Really, darling—not dingy. This is what the travel people call picturesque."

But Havana after dark was really something, she decided. In a big maroon touring car they sped along the road from the city out into the suburbs. The driver was a short dark man in a wrinkled white suit and he spoke with a musical comedy accent. He made it painfully evident that he had no trust in windshields because the upper half of his body leaned out the side at right angles to the car. With his feet on the pedals and his hands on the wheels, Janet wondered how he could coordinate his various movements.

"I'll bet he was a contortionist," she giggled.

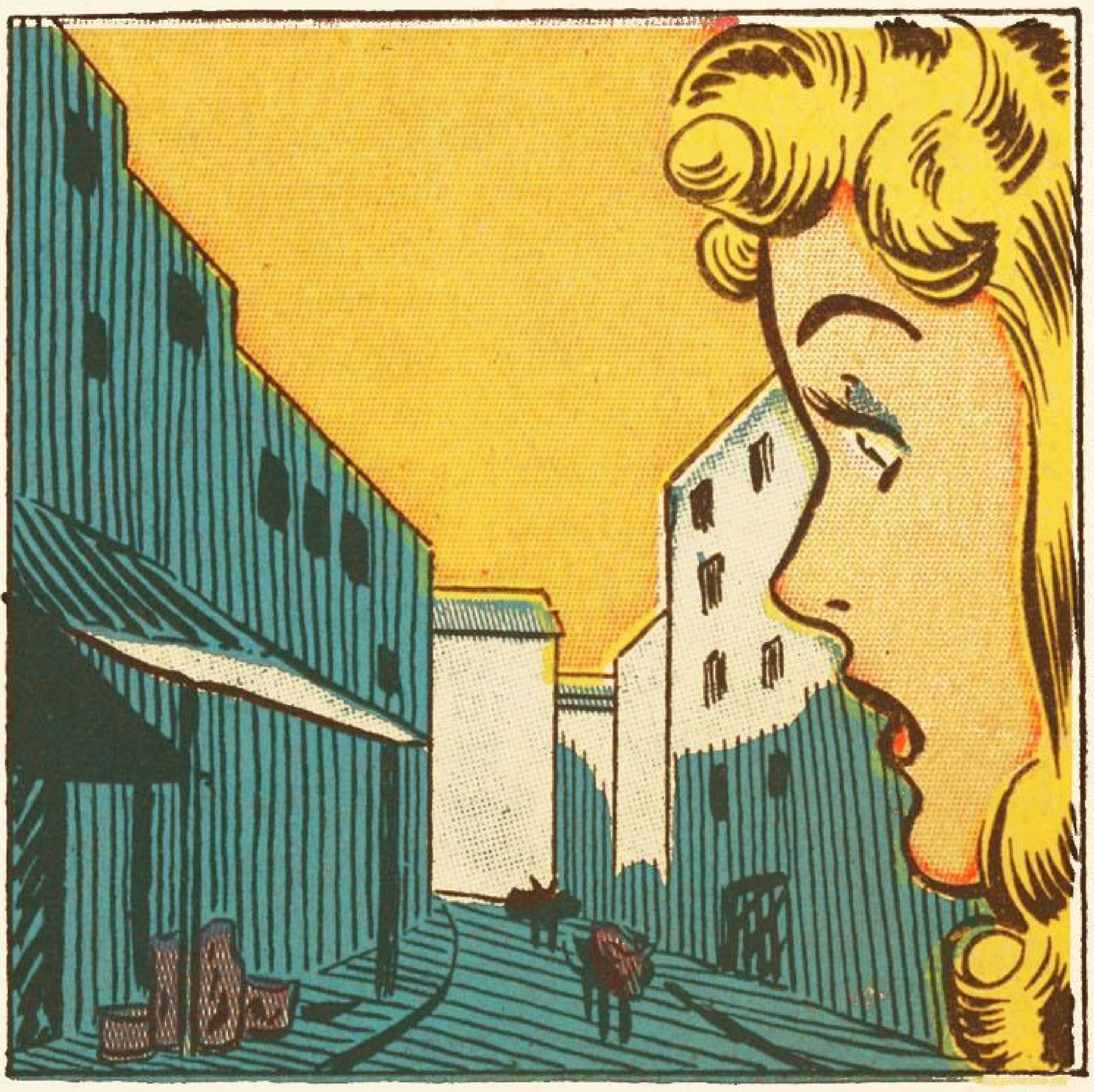
"He must have been a maniac motorcycle driver in one of those circus things," her mother hissed back.

With a sudden lurch, the car stopped. The little man slid nimbly out, opened their door with a flourish and a deep bow and announced breathlessly, "Sans Souci."

Her mother eyed the sign speculatively. "What does that mean? It's French, isn't it?"

"Yes-s-s, my dear lady. Eet means, weethout sorrows."

Slowly the secret bud inside Janet stirred a little and unfolded. This was going to be the beginning. Something marvelous was going to happen. It was an omen. "Without Sorrow."



The first thing she noticed after she came ashore was the dinginess of the streets.

She sipped at a coconut drink served in a coconut shell and watched her parents revolve slowly on the floor. The thick bright stars blinked down at the open dance floor, and the rhumba band played softly and suggestively.

"Would you care to dance?"

Janet jumped a little. She looked up at the tall, dark, smooth-haired boy who stood next to the table. She hadn't been introduced, of course, but then this was Havana and maybe the rules didn't matter so much.

"Yes, thank you." She stood abruptly.

He was a marvelous dancer and she drifted around the red waxed-tile floor happily. Everyone looked happy and graceful and contented.

"Wonderful music," Janet breathed.

Her partner inclined his head. "Yes."

Janet knew she was doing a creditable rhumba and bobbed her head to see if her mother and father were watching. She couldn't see them.

"It's a heavenly night," she said.

"Yes."

People all around them were holding animated conversations.

"Do you come here often?" she asked.

He nodded. "Yes."

The garrulous type, she thought. So you won't talk, hey? Come on, Joe, she thought, whadda ya know? She giggled softly.

Her escort looked at her in surprise and smiled a little dutiful smile. Then his face went back to its smoothly impassive mask.

I panic him, she thought. I roll him in the aisles. I'm a natural-born comedienne.

She decided to try again. "You don't work here, do you?"

He looked at her then. "Work *here?* I am a liar."

Janet blinked. Well, really, she thought. So you're not truthful? Well, after all, which of us is perfect? "I beg your pardon?" she murmured.

"I am a liar," he replied. "Een court. You know?"

Janet's face crumpled. He was a lawyer. She felt her breath leave her lungs in relief.

The orchestra broke into a new set, and Janet felt she was doing a creditable samba. She peered around for her parents, but the floor was crowded and she couldn't see them.

She watched a short, fat man waddle through the dancers and stop next to them. He put up a pudgy imperious finger and tapped her escort. They exchanged a few sentences in rapid Spanish, and Janet listened curiously. Then her partner stood aside, and the fat man in the crumpled linen suit claimed her. He clutched her tightly and beamed up at her. He whispered something she could not understand.

Suddenly he was torn away from her, and the young man was punching the little fat man, and the little fat man was swinging at the other, but he hit one of the women by mistake, and the woman screamed and quite suddenly there was pandemonium on the floor. And then the little fat man was sitting on the floor looking dazed, and the tall young man bowed to her and said, "You will pardon, I am sure. I deed not like what he said to you."

And then two large waiters approached and the short fat man and the tall young man departed with them, reluctantly but surely, and the music began again a little louder than before and the space on the floor closed up once more with dancers.

"Really, Janet," her mother said at the table. "What in the world happened?"

"I don't know," Janet said truthfully. She told them of the events leading up to the fist fight. "It was silly of the young one because I didn't even understand what the little man said. He was talking Spanish."

"You haven't the romantic touch," her father laughed. "*A fist fight.* It was a duel between villainy and nobility to protect the honor of my fairest child. It was an affaire of honor. It was gallantry at its peak."

"It was a fist fight," Janet said. "Anyway the young gladiator wore perfume. Honestly! And the old one was sort of pathetic."

"You ought to be fairly set up," her father said. "Nobody ever knocked anybody down for your mother when she was sixteen."

"That's all you know," her mother said darkly. "There were bruised and broken bodies practically every time I left the house. . . . Let's go home now. It's getting late."

Outside Sans Souci, Janet paused for a last look at the glowing neon sign. She examined her feelings carefully. I'm sorry I came, she thought in surprise. When nothing had yet happened to you, you were still free to dream of wonderful things. But something had occurred which had taken her out of childhood and pushed her unwillingly toward maturity. The incident had torn the veil of the future, and she knew now that things were never as slick as when you made them up. Her dreams were never going to be quite as satisfactory again.

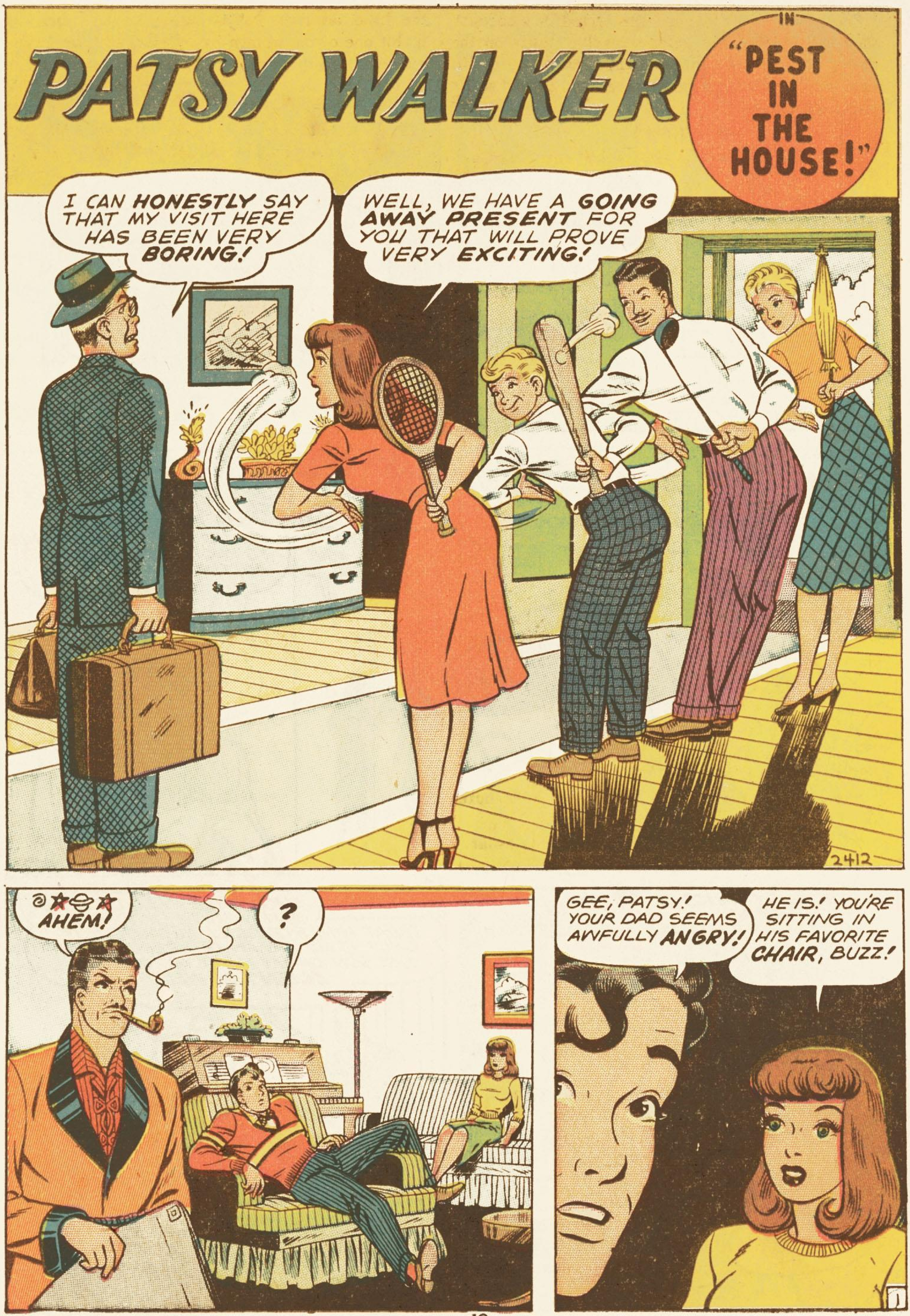
"Really, Janet," her mother said, "stop dreaming. Here's the car."

The short driver in the wrinkled suit hopped out to open the door for them. He bowed low to Janet. "Thees mus be the lady whose beauty opset a whole club."

Janet nodded graciously. Imagine his having heard all about it while he waited outside! It must have caused quite a bit of talk. Really, she thought, one simply doesn't have any privacy.

But she *did* feel better about growing up.

THE END


PATSY WALKER
IN
"PEST IN THE HOUSE!"
I CAN **HONESTLY** SAY THAT MY VISIT HERE HAS BEEN VERY **BORING!**
WELL, WE HAVE A **GOING AWAY PRESENT** FOR YOU THAT WILL PROVE VERY **EXCITING!**
2412
@★♄★ **AHEM!**
?
GEE, PATSY! YOUR DAD SEEMS AWFULLY **ANGRY!**
HE IS! YOU'RE SITTING IN HIS FAVORITE **CHAIR**, BUZZ!
1

WOW! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? I'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE I GET THROWN OUT!
OH, DON'T BE SILLY! I DON'T THINK HE'S REALLY ANGRY!
GEE, DADDY, YOU SCARED BUZZ AWAY WITH YOUR MEAN OLD GROWLING!
WELL, I'M NOT SORRY! OF ALL THE CHAIRS IN THIS HOUSE, DOES HE HAVE TO SPRAWL ALL OVER MY READING CHAIR?
FURTHERMORE, I WISH YOU COULD MEET SOME YOUNG MAN WHO WOULD TAKE YOU OUT INSTEAD OF SPENDING THE EVENING LOUNGING AROUND THE HOUSE!
BUZZ IS BROKE! OH, THERE'S THE DOORBELL!
BRRNG!
TELEGRAM FOR MR. WALKER!
I'LL TAKE IT TO HIM! THANK YOU!
PATSY! THIS IS WONDERFUL! IT'S FROM MY MOST IMPORTANT OUT OF TOWN CLIENT! HIS SON, THORNDYKE, IS COMING TO CENTERVILLE AND HE WANTS TO KNOW IF WE'D MIND PUTTING HIM UP FOR A WEEK!
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO MEET A REAL GENTLEMAN! THORNDYKE IS SURELY WELL-BRED AND WELL MANNERED, CONSIDERING THE FINE FAMILY HE COMES FROM!
WELL-L-L-L I'LL BE GLAD TO MEET HIM, BUT I STILL THINK BUZZ IS PRETTY NICE!
2
NEXT DAY...
THORNDYKE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! WE MUST TREAT HIM ROYALLY BECAUSE, NOT ONLY IS HE A MAN OF BREEDING, BUT THE SON OF MY MOST IMPORTANT CLIENT AS WELL!

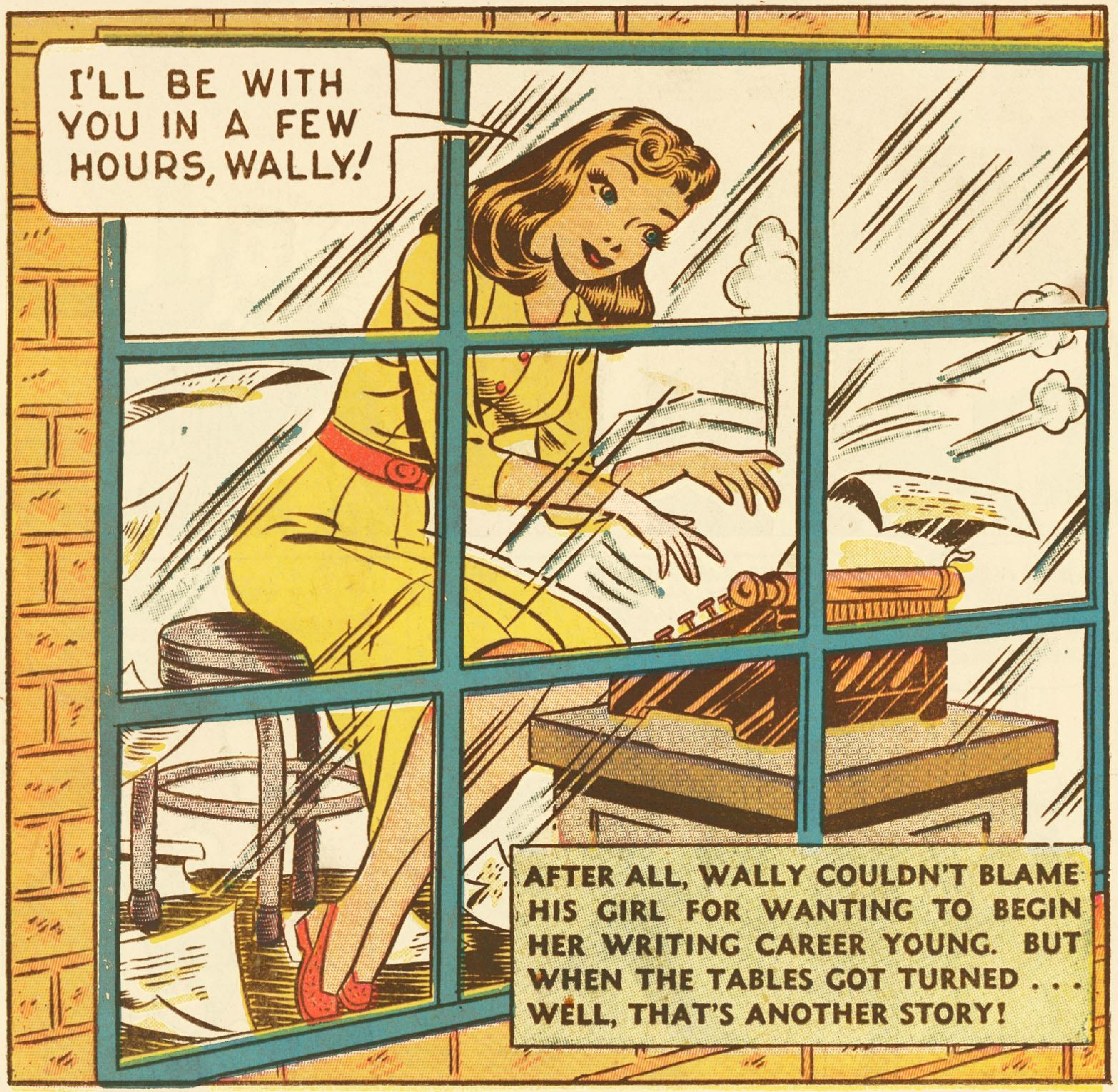
SHHHH! PLACES, EVERYONE! HE'S COMING UP THE WALK!
I AM THORNDYKE GOLDBRICK, III! THIS, I PRESUME, IS THE WALKER RESIDENCE?
AHHH, WELCOME, THORNDYKE! WE'VE EAGERLY AWAITED YOUR ARRIVAL!
THE NAME, WALKER, IS MR. GOLDBRICK! I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT I'M NOT AS JUBILANT ABOUT BEING HEAH AS YOU ARE! BUT WITH THE HOTEL SHORTAGE-WELL!
YOU MUST BE HUNGRY, ER-MR. GOLDBRICK! WE USUALLY EAT AT SIX, AND-
I EAT AT FIVE! I KNOW YOU WON'T MIND THE SLIGHT CHANGE!
THE FURNITURE HERE ISN'T VERY COMFORTABLE, EXCEPT FOR THIS CHAIR, WHICH IS PASSABLE! I SHALL CONSIDER IT MINE DURING MY STAY HERE!
WOW! DAD'S FAVORITE CHAIR!
SO THAT'S A REAL GENTLEMAN, EH? WELL, I'LL TAKE BUZZ ANY DAY!
PATSY! YOU'RE UNFAIR! I'M SURE THAT HE IS ONLY IRRITABLE BECAUSE OF HIS LONG TRIP! AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, I'M CERTAIN HE'LL ACT NICER!
GOOD NIGHT, MR. GOLDBRICK! I DO HOPE YOU'LL FIND OUR GUEST ROOM COMFORTABLE!
I DOUBT IT, IF IT'S LIKE THE REST OF THIS HOUSE!
3

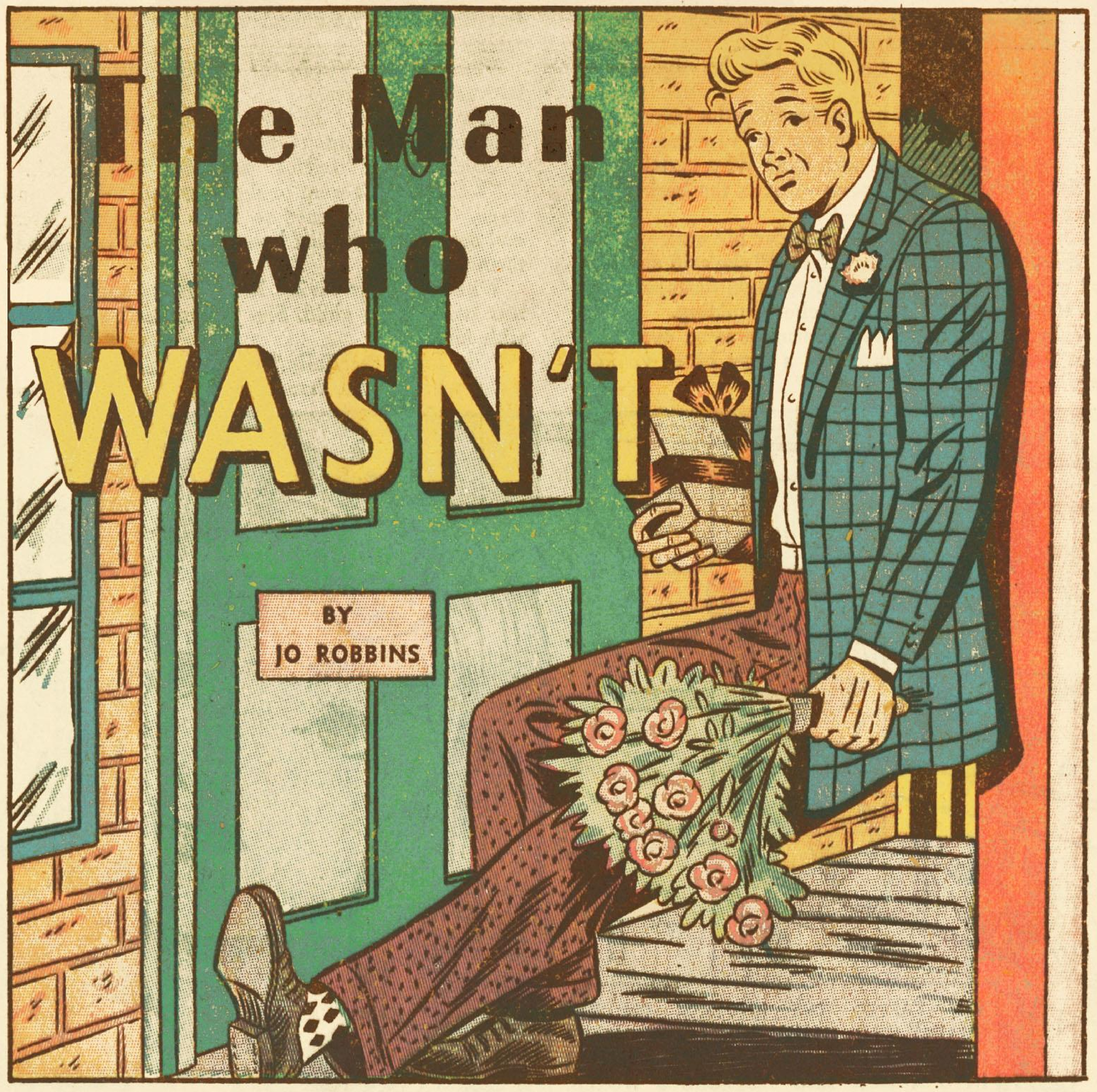
STANLEY, DEAR! YOU LOOK A LITTLE RUNDOWN!
I'M PRETTY TIRED! I'VE HAD A ROUGH DAY! BUT WITH A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, I'LL BE IN TIP-TOP SHAPE TOMORROW!
THE RESTFUL SILENCE OF NIGHT SOFTLY DRAPES ITSELF OVER THE WALKER HOME! IT IS THREE A.M.! SUDDENLY...
YIPE!
Z ZZ
KA-RASH!
?
WHAM!
BAM!
WHAT IS IT?
SOUNDS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
OH, G'MORNING! YOU PEOPLE WILL NEVER GET ANYWHERE BECAUSE YOU WASTE YOUR LIFE SLEEPING! FORE!
CRASH!
SMACK!
ZING!
4
I KNOW! I KNOW! BUT HE'S MY RICHEST CLIENT'S SON! WHAT CAN I DO?
IF THAT... THAT MONSTER DOESN'T LEAVE SOON, I KNOW WHAT WE'LL ALL DO- WE'LL GO CRAZY!

LATER...
OH, HELLO, BUZZ! COME IN! I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR GUEST, THORNDYKE GOLDBRICK III!
HOWDY!
HMPH! HELLOW!
ER, YOU TWO "ENJOY" YOURSELVES WHILE I GET SOME REFRESHMENTS!
MEANWHILE...
WHAT'S THAT, TOM? OLD MAN GOLDBRICK HAS TAKEN HIS ACCOUNT ELSEWHERE? YOU MEAN HE'S NOT OUR CLIENT ANY MORE? WHY, WHY...
HEH! HEH, HEH! NOW TO GET MY HANDS ON LITTLE OL' THORNDYKE!
?
NO ONE IS GOING TO SAY THAT ABOUT PATSY, MISTER ROCKHEAD THE THIRD!
SPLAT!
WHAT HAPPENED?
I KNOW YOU'LL THROW ME OUT FOR THIS, MR. WALKER - BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT!
I CONTROLLED MYSELF WHEN HE INSULTED ME - BUT WHEN HE CALLED PATSY A TYPICAL, STUPID TEEN-AGER - HE WENT TOO FAR!
THAT'S OK., SON! I ONLY REGRET THAT YOU BEAT ME TO IT! NOW IF YOU'LL HELP ME THROW THE DRIP OUT!
AND SOON...
ARE YOU COMFY, BUZZ?
Y-YES! B-BUT THIS IS MR. WALKER'S FAVORITE CHAIR!
TUT! TUT! NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR A REAL GENTLEMAN AND FRIEND OF THE FAMILY!
5
THE END

The Man who WASN'T

BY JO ROBBINS


I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW HOURS, WALLY!
AFTER ALL, WALLY COULDN'T BLAME HIS GIRL FOR WANTING TO BEGIN HER WRITING CAREER YOUNG. BUT WHEN THE TABLES GOT TURNED . . . WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!



IT isn't every day that a girl gets a letter from a famous writer, and what a letter, too! An invitation to drop in for tea—just like that!

"Dear Vivian," it read. "It was very sweet of you to write me so nicely about my latest book. I'll be glad to autograph it for you and give you whatever advice I can about the stories you are trying to write. How about dropping in for tea Wednesday at four?"

Viv's eyes were glued on the boldly written signature, "George Carter", and she floated in space. So did the coffee cup she balanced dangerously in the other hand.

"Vivian!" her mother cried anxiously at the other side of the breakfast table. "Is something wrong, dear?"

"No, mother—" Viv had managed to recapture her own balance as well as that of the coffee cup at the same time.

"But you look as if you've seen a ghost, her mother continued, coming toward her with an eye on the letter, which Viv had folded and was stuffing back into the envelope.

The housebell rang just in time.

"That's Wally!" Viv jumped up from the table, her old energetic self again. She grabbed her school books and gave her mother a hasty hug and kiss. "It must be late. I have to run along."

Wally looked very unglamorous for some reason that morning. His bright, scrubbed face, jutting out of an oversized turtle-neck sweater, struck Viv as being somewhat comical. She eyed him with the tolerance of maturity and worldly experience.

" 'lo, Viv," Wally greeted her. "Gosh, that algebra homework was tough, wasn't it? I rushed over early in case you needed some help."

"How nice of you!" Wally really was such a well-meaning youngster, Viv was thinking to herself, quite smugly. "I imagine I'll struggle through all right."

As they walked along, Wally gave her a sidelong glance. It was obvious that something was wrong, but he couldn't figure it out.

"Are you sure you got all those problems?" he asked. "You know I'd be glad to help—"

"Oh, algebra—" Viv dismissed the subject with a shrug of her shoulders. "You know, Wally, I think a girl really has to make up her mind about some things sooner or later. I've just about made up mine."

Naturally Wally didn't know what she was talking about. His expression said as much in capital letters. Vivian continued.

"Well, it's like this, Wally—my field is literature. I've always written quite well and with certain—er—connections I have in the writing field—"

"Huh—?" Wally stopped walking to get a better look at her. She met his startled gaze calmly.

"Well, there's George Carter—for instance. I imagine you're familiar with his work." She paused for effect.

"George Carter? Oh, sure." Wally answered like a school boy responding to a classroom question. "There's 'Danger's Darlings', 'Fists Against Fate', 'Beauty for the Brave'—Oh, I've read a lot of his stuff—"

"And isn't he simply super!" Viv forgot about her pose and was just an excited high school girl.

"Oh, I don't know—" Wally looked a little sour. "With all that he-man stuff, I'll bet he couldn't make our scrub ping pong team."

"Wally! I think you're just horrid!"

"Well, there's something mushy about all those Carter books," Wally explained. "His heroes don't speak like any fellows I ever knew."

Vivian tossed her head back and walked on in a huff.

"I suppose you know all about people, don't you?" She was quite angry.

Wally hurried after her, balancing their school books in one arm and waving the other excitedly.

"Gosh, wait, Viv. I didn't—" he was spluttering.

She halted suddenly, pulled the letter out of her handbag and almost shoved it into his face. It was a struggle for him, with one arm full of books, to get the letter out of its envelope. She viewed this struggle with a superior air and considerable relish.

"When I see George—er—Mr. Carter," she said, "I'll tell him what you think of his writing. I'm sure he'll be *terribly* concerned."

Wally was reading the letter with an unpleasant frown.

"Jeepers, Viv—" he began, handing the letter back to her. "You don't mean to say you're going to—"

"Keep my appointment with him? Why, certainly!"

"But Wednesday afternoon—there's the basketball game and you and I were—"

Viv pulled her books from under his arm.

"A lot you care about my future!" she said angrily and went off with her head tilted high, disappearing into the entrance of the high school building.

Wally stood there with his arms crossed over his chest and a frozen expression, a very bitter young man.

VIV TAPPED THE KNOCKER ON THE QUAINT OLD HOUSE WITH HER HEART IN HER THROAT. IT WAS HER ENTRANCE INTO A NEW AND GLAMOROUS WORLD.

"Oh, I'd just like to meet up with that George Carter," he said to himself.

He didn't see Viv again until the algebra class. He sat in the next aisle from her, and she just tilted her head back haughtily when he glanced in her direction.

It was a different story, however, when Miss Benson called on her to explain a problem and she made an extremely bad showing.

"You'd beter brush up on your binomial theorems," said Miss Benson, making some kind of notation in her little book, and then she called on Wally. He had the correct answers but he gave them with misgivings. It was a hollow victory. When he glanced toward Viv, he caught her looking at him, and she turned her head away as if hurt—as if he had done her a terrible wrong. He almost wished he had given the wrong answers.

When he met Viv in the corridor after the class, he was all apologies.

"I'm sorry, Viv," he said. "I'll bet you think I did it on purpose. I didn't—honest!",

"Didn't what?" Icicles hung from Viv's remark.

"Well, I didn't want to show you up," Wally sputtered. "I just happened to know the right answers and before I knew what I was doing I—I just blurted them out!"

With difficulty Vivian held back a smile. Wally *was* such a dear child. She just couldn't stay angry with him.

"Oh, forget it, Wally," she said with a magnanimous wave of her hand. Once again she was the superior person, the friend of a famous writer, who was shortly going to be a famous writer herself.

"Gee, you're a good sport, Viv," Wally responded with the grateful look of a pet spaniel in his eyes. "I guess I wasn't very big about your breaking that basketball date, was I?"

"Oh, that's all right," she said very kindly. They were standing outside the room where her next class in English would start in a few moments. He would have to hurry upstairs to the chemistry room.

"Just to show you I'm not a sorehead," he said hurriedly, "I'll drive you over to that—to George Carter's place on Wednseday!"

"That's nice of you, Wally," she said sweetly. "I'd better hurry now."

She disappeared into the English room and Wally rushed off, too. By taking three steps at a time he just managed to scamper to his place in the chemistry room as the bell rang and to earn a frozen stare from Mr. Rowe, the chemistry teacher.

From then on there was something heroically tragic in Wally's life. He felt he was losing Vivian to another world. She was going to be a great writer. There was no question about that. Even an old stick-in-the-mud, like George Carter must be, wouldn't fail to see what a wonderful girl she was. He would help her to get ahead as a writer. Wally would always be a friend she remembered kindly. Maybe when her first book was published she would give him a copy with something nice written on the flyleaf. That would be the most he could ever hope for.

Thus it was with a very heavy heart that he drove Viv after school on Wednesday to George Carter's place in the suburbs.

"I'll come back in an hour and park down the road." He tried to be nonchalant.

"Make it an hour and a half. I have a lot of manuscripts for Mr. Carter to read," Vivian explained.

Viv tapped the knocker on the quaint old house with her heart in her throat. It was her entrance into a new and glamorous world.

The lady who opened the door wore an old-fashioned knitted waistcoat and gave Vivian a comfortable, matronly smile.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Carter," said Viv importantly.

"Mr. Carter?" the lady hesitated. "You're Vivian, aren't you? Please come in."

The lady poured tea for Vivian and walked around the room as though she had something difficult to say. Viv followed her with her eyes. She wondered if this were George Carter's mother. Finally the lady spoke.

"This might be somewhat of a shock to you, dear," she said, "but there is no *Mister* Carter."

Vivian gulped. "But the letter he sent me—"

"I'm George Carter." The lady seemed quite apologetic. Just like George Sand and George Eliot—"

"Oh, it's a pen name!" In a way Vivian felt relieved. If any one was going to be her mentor in the world of letters she felt a great deal of confidence in this matronly, motherly creature, who had invited her to tea.

"Well, I didn't exactly know," said Vivian nervously. She drew a wad of manuscripts from an envelope.

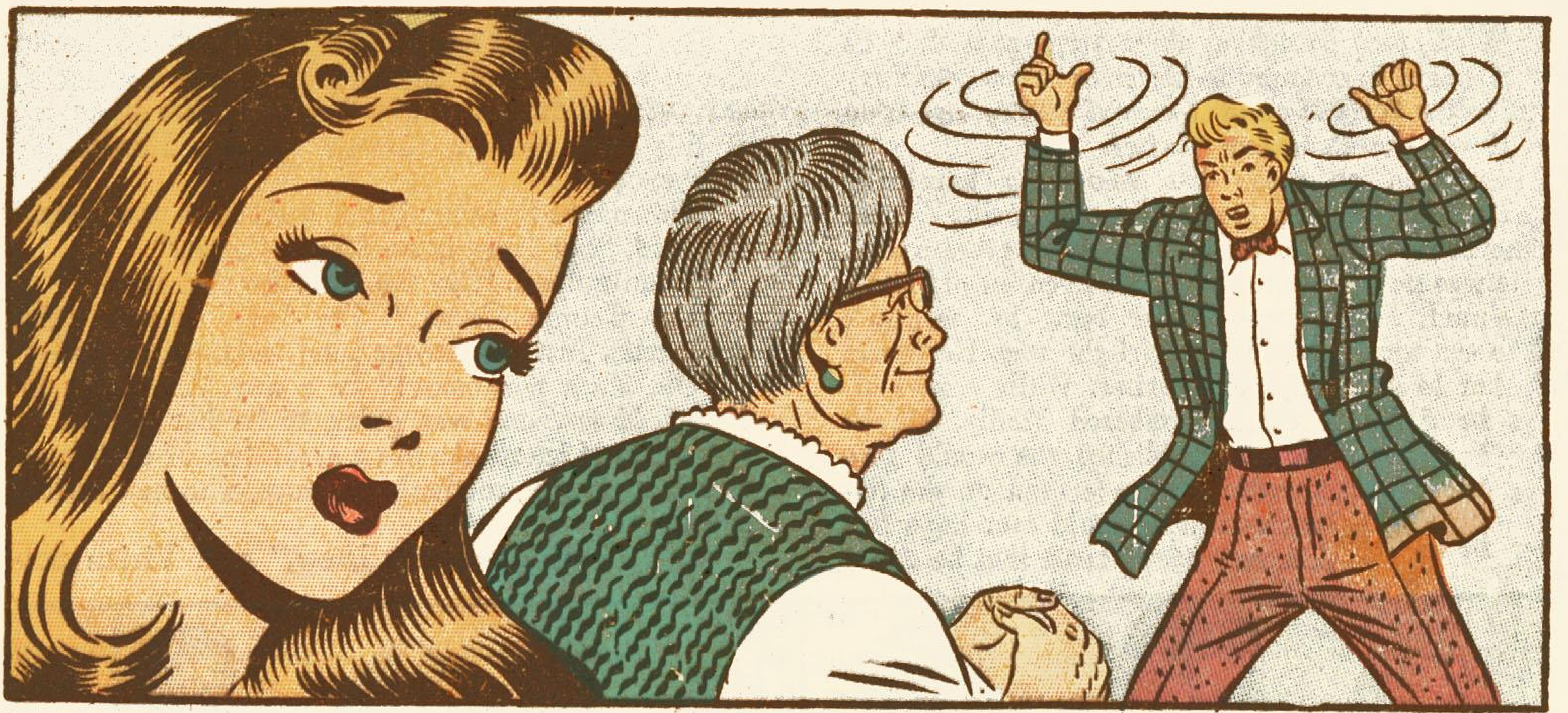
"Most people don't," said George Carter, the lady with the old-fashioned knitted waistcoat. "Are those your stories, dear?"

In a moment she had snapped on her *pince-nez* glasses and was poring over Viv's scrawled stories. She paused and looked at her visitor with the air of a high school teacher examining a term paper.

"You know I go in for writing with a punch," she said, emphasizing her remark by pounding her fist on her desk and almost upsetting her tea.

"Why—uh—yes," said Vivian, a little frightened by this display of gusto.

"Now far be it from me to discourage you—" The lady looked back at Viv's manuscript. Then she



"I CAN SEE THROUGH ALL YOUR BLUFFING. YOU'RE AFRAID— YES, EVEN AFRAID OF YOURSELF!"

adjusted her glasses. "You just don't seem to have the—"

She hit her desk again with a clenched fist. This time the tea cup bounced a couple of inches into the air.

"You mean I haven't—" Viv began anxiously.

"Well, dear, I wouldn't say that—" Just then some one banged the knocker on the front door with the determined beat of a bill collector.

"Excuse me a moment," said George Carter, the lady with the old-fashioned knitted waistcoat.

A great deal had been happening in the meanwhile. Wally, over his third coke, had made a grim resolution. Maybe George Carter *was* the big burly man he made himself out to be in his stories. Maybe Wally would just be a ridiculous kid in his eyes. What of it? Viv wasn't the kind of a girl a fellow was going to lose lightly. The least he could do was to meet this Carter character and talk to him—man to man.

That was why, when the lady with the old-fashioned knitted waistcoat answered the door, Wally said, as grimly as he could: "I want to talk to George Carter—personally."

"I'm afraid you'll have to tell me what it's about," said the lady.

"I'm sorry," said Wally. "This is a matter I have to settle—man to man."

There was something about his manner that awakened a spark in the kindly lady's eyes. "Won't you come in?" she said, and she herded him into a little room where a typewriter stood ready. She pounced down at it and said: "Go ahead, young man! Tell him what's on your chest!"

"You mean you'll let him know what I have to say?" asked Wally.

"Certainly," said the lady. She seemed excited. "Just talk up, son!"

And talk up Wally did. "George Carter," he said, "I can see through all your bluffing. You're afraid—yes, even afraid of yourself! That's why you try to tell the world what a big, brave fellow you are! Regular guys don't do that — they don't have to. There's something weak about you, George——"

"Go on! Go on!" the lady with the old-fashioned waistcoat shouted as she pounded away at her typewriter. "That's just the ending I need for my new novel!"

"Oh, do you write, too?" Wally eyed her suspiciously. He was in a strange world. He didn't notice Viv who had stepped into the room.

"Th-this is George Carter," said Vivian, pointing in an unladylike fashion at the kindly lady with the old-fashioned knitted waistcoat.

"Young man, your dialogue is simply wonderful! You could be a great writer without half trying!" The kindly lady had worked herself into a fit of enthusiasm. She had gripped him by the shoulders and was shaking him vigorously.

Viv looked at her wrist watch. "I think we ought to run along," she said.

"You should write, young man!" the excited lady persisted. "Your dialogue has that special punch!" The empty teacup flew across the desk when she pounded down her fist.

Viv had Wally by his hand and dragged him through the door.

"Come on," she said. "We can still make the basketball game if we hurry."

"You know," said Wally, as his car started off with a splutter, "from what my friend—er—George Carter says I ought to make quite a hit as a writer!"

"I'm worried, Wally." Vivian gave him a side-long glance.

"Worried? What about?" Wally stepped on the gas.

"The algebra homework for tomorrow," said Viv timidly. "Do you think you could give me a hand with it?"

THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

CLAM CLEVER . . .

If your part of the world doesn't supply you with fresh clams, you may be able to get whole clams in tins, and also enjoy the Easterner's delight—SOFT CLAMS EN BROCHETTE.

Have the clams steamed for you, or do it yourself in a kettle. Save the juice for clam juice cocktails another day. Run silver skewers through the soft clams, alternating each with a small piece of bacon, and a mushroom here and there. Dip all into melted butter, and season with black pepper and a dash of cayenne. Roll lightly in fine bread crumbs, and broil under a slow fire. (This is wonderful for an outdoor grill, by the way.) Serve as hot as you can, on the skewers. Serve with this butter:

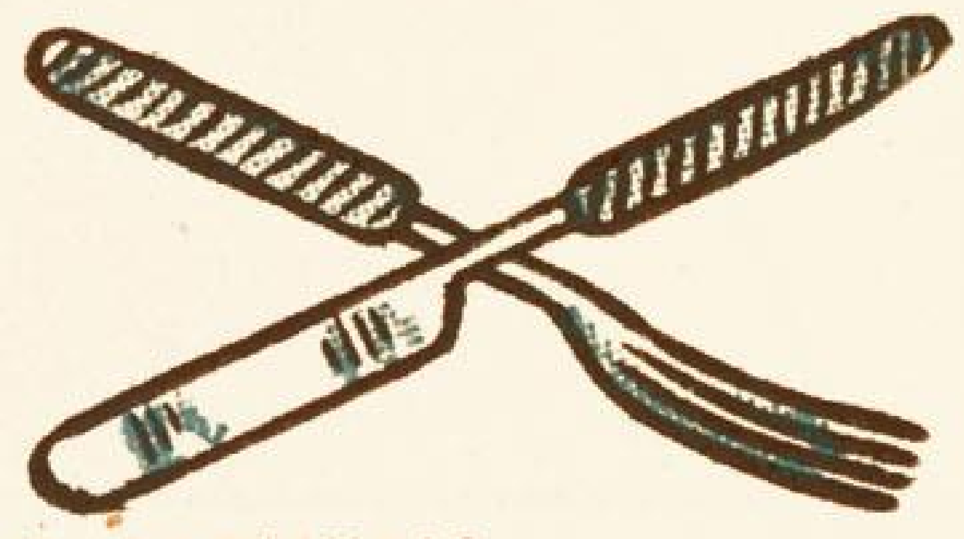
Boil in plain water for five minutes equal amounts of parsley, chives and tarragon leaves—about 2 handfuls of all three together. Drench with cold water, squeeze dry in a cloth and mash well. Add half a pound of butter, and when all is well mixed, force through a fine sieve. Set on ice to stiffen and become cold before being passed with the hot broiled clams.

TUNA TREAT . . .

For something a little off-the-beaten track, get a fresh tuna steak and prepare it in this way:

Salt and pepper the steak, put into 6 neat slices and sprinkle them with—of all things—a little nutmeg. Put them in a buttered dish and pour 2½ cups clam broth over them. Cover the slices with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Baste them often.

Remove the fish to a hot platter and put the liquid in a saucepan, reducing it somewhat over a hot fire. Slowly add to it 4 tablespoons of butter and 4 teaspoons of tomato paste. Check for seasoning, add the juice of 1 lemon and pour over the fish. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices.



CRAB CARNIVAL . . .

Prices are coming down on soft-shell crabs, these days, so you can have them for dinner without a guilty peep at the budget.

They're done best with blanched, slivered almonds.

Be sure the crabs are alive and kicking when you buy them and get the fish man to clean them while you watch. When you get them home, saute the slivered almonds in a little butter. In another pan, saute the crabs in more butter. (You, of course, will have washed and dried the crabs and rolled them lightly in flour.)

When a rosy brown, remove the crabs to a hot platter. Add the juice of a lemon to the butter in which they were cooked, strain this over the crabs and sprinkle them with the slivered almonds. Serve with Tartare Sauce if you like.

New Wonder-like Invention!

COMBS Lovely WAVES into Your HAIR!

at Home! Quickly! Simply!

Sets waves where you want them for your favorite hair style!

Boys adore a girl's fluffy, WAVY HAIR—one of her secrets to winning romance! Why continue to have unattractive, dull, straight hair? Now you, too, like thousands of women everywhere can use the amazing PERM-O-COMB for beautiful appealing waves. Everytime you comb your hair with Perm-O-Comb you are training your hair to be wavy. Scientifically perfected design of 2 rows of wavy teeth automatically waves and sets your hair PROFESSIONAL-LIKE and NATURAL-LOOKING. Perm-O-Comb trains and encourages waves just where you want them in setting your favorite hair style! Takes as little time as combing—and is as simple. No more complicated gadgets or fuss with hard-to-do, lengthy finger setting. Perm-O-Comb helps untangle and easily sets straight, hard to manage hair, so glamorously wavy and fluffy! Because it combs waves IN and not OUT, those who now have permanents, finger and feather hair-dos will find they last longer! No experience necessary. Absolutely safe for any hair! Saves costly visits to the beauty parlor!

SEND NO MONEY! 10 DAY TRIAL!

Don't send a cent! Try Perm-O-Comb for 10 days at no risk. Just pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage. You must be completely satisfied that Perm-O-Comb gives your hair alluring waves, or return it for your MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Mail coupon NOW!

FREE "How to Set Your Hair in Latest Styles by Yourself"

This new hair improvement guide is yours free with order of "Perm-O-Comb." Contains many latest hair styles — some used by movie stars. Each style has simple step by step instructions instructing you how to set your own hair beautifully, quickly and professional like! Hair styles that help you appear glamorous, sophisticated, casual, demure, etc. Limited copies — get yours with order NOW! Tested Sales, 20 VESEY ST., Dept. P-4902 N.Y.C.

FREE 10 Day Trial Coupon

TESTED SALES CO., Dept. P-4902
20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

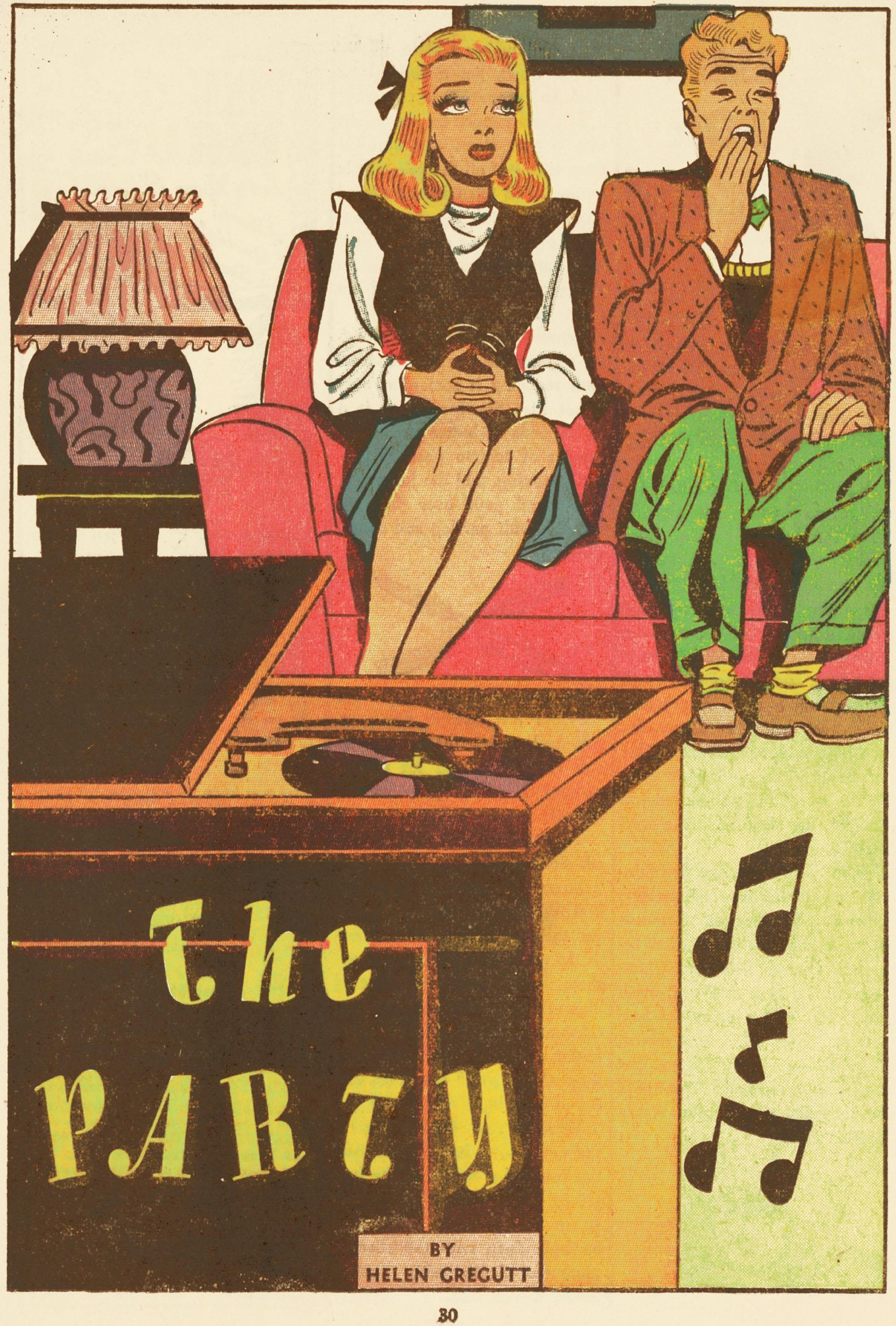
[ ] Please rush to me my "PERM-O-COMB" with "HAIR STYLE GUIDE." I will pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage. I must be completely satisfied in 10 days, or I will return the "PERM-O-COMB" for my money back guarantee.

NAME________

ADDRESS________

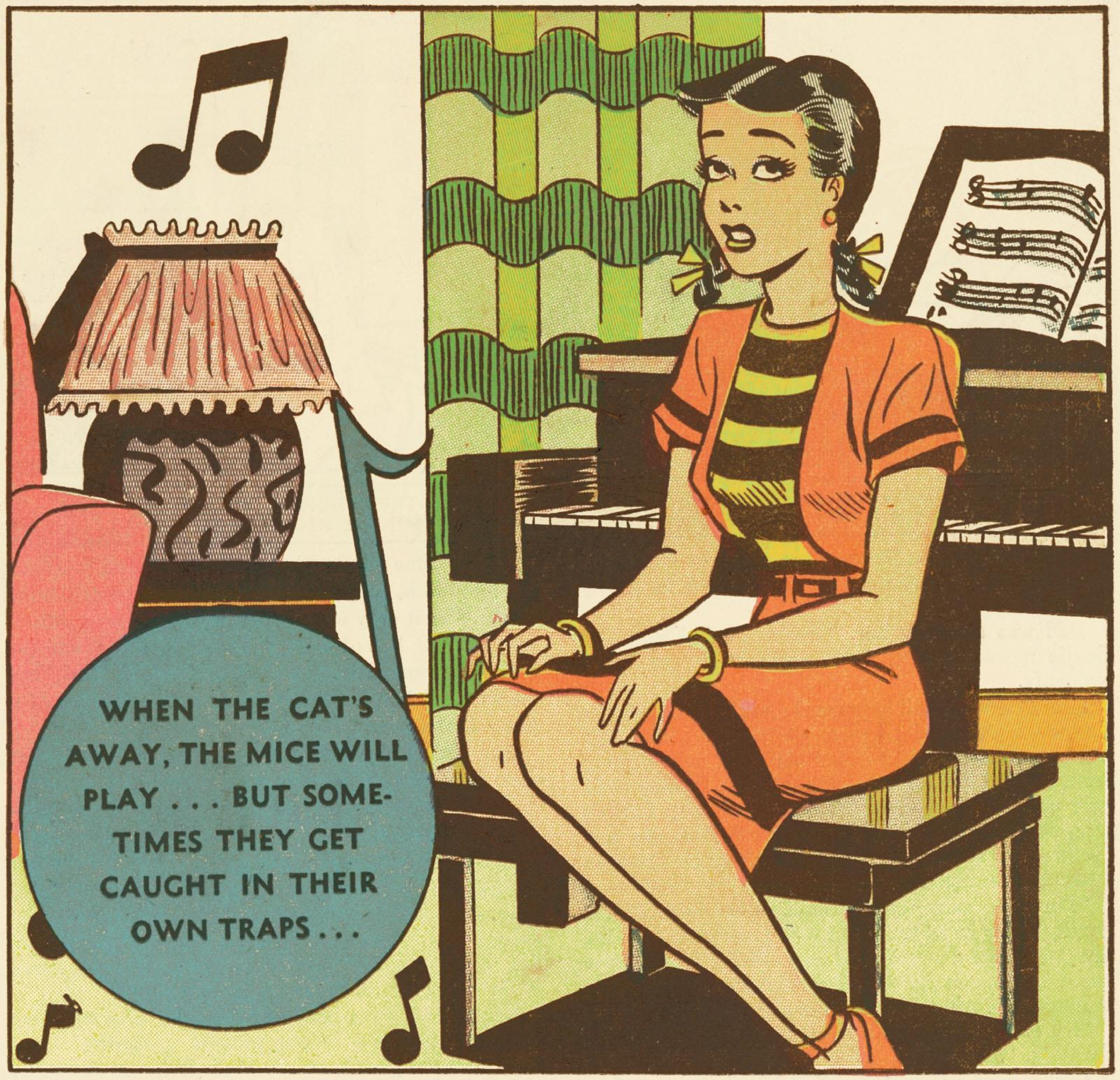
CITY________ZONE______STATE________

[ ] Check here if you wish to save postage by sending with coupon only $1.98. Same money back guarantee.



The PARTY

BY
HELEN GREGUTT



WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY . . . BUT SOMETIMES THEY GET CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAPS . . .

LAURA lay in bed, savoring the whole day beforehand. Through the dormer window with its frame of starched plaid ruffle, she could see the top of her favorite tree. In the spring, it was the first to burst into bloom. And in the fall it flamed with color long after the other trees were naked frames of their summer selves.

Suddenly she kicked off the covers, eager to start the day. If she hurried, she might still catch Dad at breakfast before he left for the hospital. Laura stretched joyously. It was a golden, crisp Saturday and the weekend spread out invitingly. This afternoon she would pinch hit for Dad's office nurse. Tonight Alison and Benjie were coming over. And last of all, this Saturday marked the opening of a week without Mother!

Laura grinned to herself remembering the strenuous campaign she and Dad had conducted for Mother to go visit Aunt Kate. It had strengthened Laura's hunch somehow that Dad felt the same way she did about Mother—appreciative of her devotion, but irritated by the almost cloying sweetness of her personality.

Dad was pouring his second cup of coffee, letting some of it splash into the saucer as he tried to pour and read the paper at the same time. Laura slid into the seat opposite him and peered at him over his paper.

"Hello!" he said at last with his slow, wide smile.

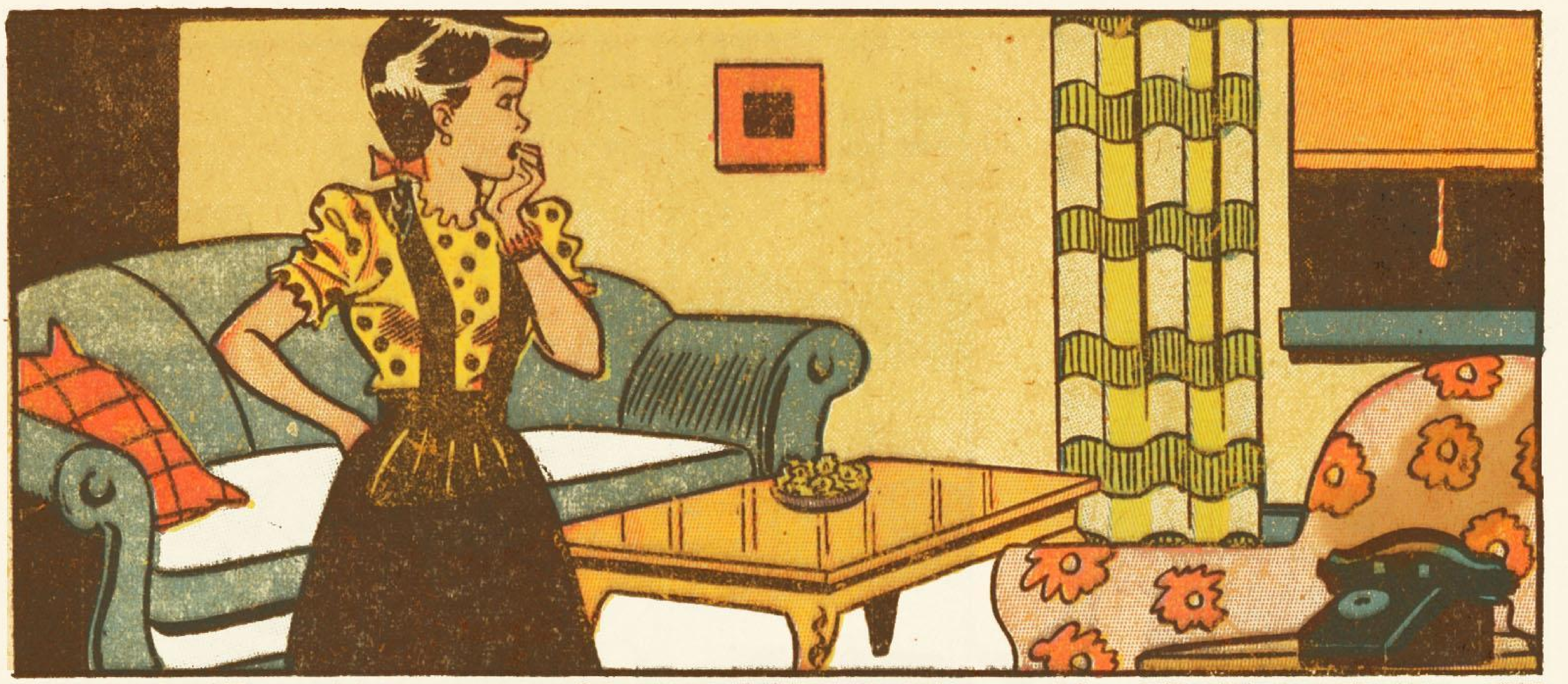
Laura put an English muffin in the toaster and poured her coffee, enjoying the experience of eating a meager breakfast without having Mother fluttering about her with offerings of cereal, eggs, or "something to stick to your ribs, Baby."

"If you have a big program on today, I can get along without you," Dad assured her.

"Oh, no," Laura put in hastily. "Working with you is the best part of Saturday."

Dad's smile was mischievous. "How about your clambake tonight?"

Laura felt a kind of hotness around her face. Dad had an almost uncanny trick of reading her thoughts!



"YOU KNOW THE LIVING ROOM IS MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY," THE INSIDIOUS LITTLE VOICE WITHIN HER CHIDED. "IT'S A MEAN TRICK TO CHANGE IT THE MINUTE HER BACK IS TURNED."

"Oh, Alison and Benjie and Pete won't be over until after dinner," she said casually. "There'll be plenty of time."

Dad was studying her. "You're glad Alison and Benjie moved in next door, aren't you?" he asked suddenly.

Laura only nodded because she couldn't find words that wouldn't sound gushy to describe just how glad she was. When she had heard that they were coming from the city to live with Mrs. Benson because their own parents had been killed in an accident, Laura's interest had been academic. Somehow, from the way Mother had spoken of Mrs. Benson's grandchildren, Laura had immediately pictured small fry. Instead . . .

"I'm glad you've taken to them," Dad said briskly, getting ready to leave. Laura was grateful to him for not going into a sermon the way Mother would have about how she really should have more young people around, after all, a girl her age needed . . .

"I'll have lunch at the hospital," Dad called from the door. "See you for office hours."

Laura gulped down her coffee. There was just time this morning for her housecleaning. She looked at the living room with almost wicked pleasure for a moment. "You know the living room is Mother's pride and joy," the insidious little voice within her chided. "It's a mean trick to change it the minute her back is turned."

Just then Laura's eyes landed on the whatnot in the corner. She frowned at the collection of miniatures that crowded the shelves. That did it! Laura practically charged across the room and started stripping the whatnot of its offending dust collectors.

Ever since she had first become conscious of what went into a room, the living room had annoyed Laura. A room like this ought to be left uncluttered, functional. Who but Mother would think of draping a white-faced Pierette across the window seat? Of pinning back flowered draperies with fat rosettes? Of covering tables with pictures, statuettes, useless boxes and vases and sentimental reminders of past holidays and big events?

By the time she tackled the heart-shaped cushions on the couch, Laura was humming to herself tunelessly. Was it only a week that she had known Alison and Benjie? It had been Mother's idea to invite the neighbors and Laura had demurred at first, but Mother had been so delighted with the prospect of a party that Laura gave in.

She hadn't expected much of the evening. Maybe that was why it had been a wonderful surprise. Alison was everything that Laura wished she were herself—smooth looking, smartly dressed, poised and with a positive gift for saying the right thing. And Benjie . . . Laura felt that hotness again, and this time she knew that color had flooded her cheeks. Benjie was actually taller than Laura, easy to talk to, fun to be with, and yet exciting in a way Laura had never experienced.

There had been only one flaw in that evening. Mother's idea of a "young peoples' gathering" must have been laughable to city-bred Alison and Benjie, although they had been too polite to let on that they were having anything but a good time. Tonight, Laura promised herself, Benjie would get a chance to see her as she really was without the girlish props that were Mother's specialty.

She plunged into work refusing to think any more. Almost before she realized it, it was time for afternoon office hours. Dad's offices were in the wing of the house that jutted out to the side street with a separate entrance. There was just time to make sure everything was in order before the patients began arriving. Laura buttoned up her white smock hastily, moving swiftly through examining room and treatment room. White cabinets, rows of polished instruments, machines with intriguing knobs and dials, lamps and equipment that invited experimenting. As she switched on the sterilizer, Laura wondered for the hundredth time why Dad hadn't married someone who could share his interest in medicine.

The buzzer sounded just as Dad came in through the house entrance. Laura forgot everything else.

She answered the phone, set up patients, gave diathermy treatments.

The chimes of the waiting room clock made her impatient for everyone to leave because it was late and she wanted plenty of time to finish planning for tonight.

"Stay in bed, force fluids, and I'll drop around later," Dad finally instructed the last patient. "And get the prescription filled immediately."

The day which had run so swiftly settled down to a limping pace when Dad phoned that he wouldn't be home for dinner. "Jimmy's sick," he told Laura. "I'll probably have to admit him to the hospital." Jimmy was one of Dad's "babies" and Laura remembered when he was born. Dad had come in wearily one morning when she and Mother were at breakfast to announce Jimmy's arrival.

"By all the laws," Dad had told them, "that boy shouldn't have arrived safely, but we made it."

"That's fine, dear," Mother had answered brightly before Laura had been able to ask Dad all the questions in her mind. "Now have some coffee." Mother had kept him busy with food and sent him off to bed.

Laura shook her head as she settled down to a lonely supper. That was just one of the times when Dad probably would have liked to talk and Mother had discouraged him. That was one of the things Laura had looked forward to this week. She felt disappointed because she had counted on dinner with Dad and a chance to chat. The food tasted dry.

When she went upstairs to dress, her mood lightened. From the back of the closet she pulled out a dress she had bought over Mother's protests. It was so plain it was almost severe except for the material which was shot through with a cubistic pattern in an odd lavenderish tone. She brushed back her hair into a smooth chignon. Carefully, then, she traced herself a generous mouth with a lipstick that matched the lavendar in the dress. The effect startled her. She looked older, sleeker, and somehow un-Laura-ish. Doubt beset her. Remembering last Saturday night she comforted herself. Everything will be all right once they get here. But the promise rang hollow. The doorbell sounded loudly through the empty, silent house. She stumbled in her haste to answer it.

. . . Laura buried herself in the depths of the arm chair, staring into the fire whose bright glow didn't warm her because the chill was inside her—in her heart. Passionately she wished that Dad would come home. If he had been here. If . . . what had gone wrong? Her throat ached and she wished she could cry. If only I could understand. Round and round in her head the bewildered refrain repeated itself.

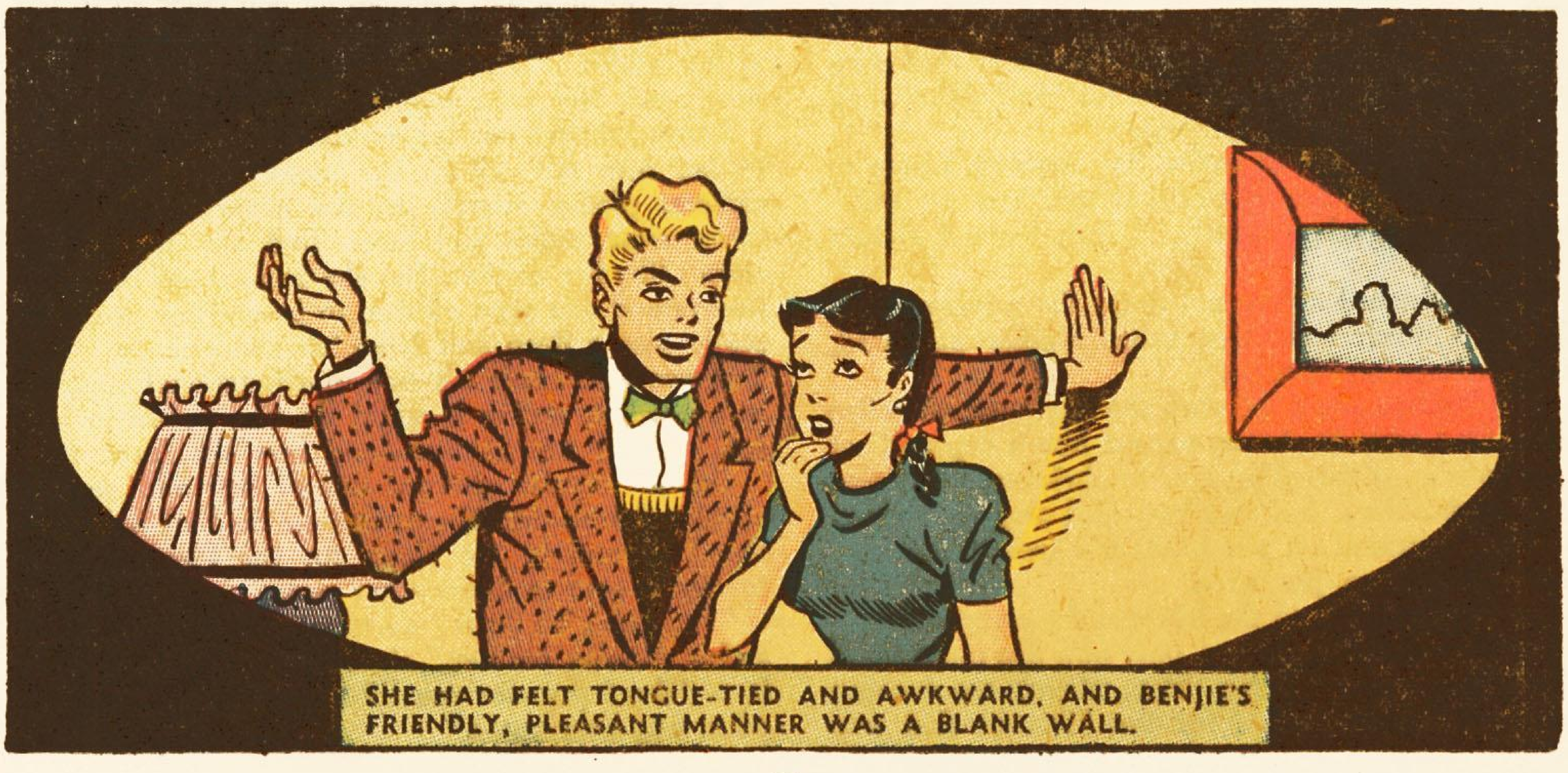
The living room had looked so elegant. She had too. All the new records, plenty of cokes, the rug rolled up for dancing . . . But the evening had never jelled. They had turned off the lights and sat around the fire after they had tired of playing records and dancing, but they had never recaptured last Saturday night's mood of gaiety. Laura felt that whatever ingredient had made the other party such a success was missing. A week ago she hadn't wanted so desperately to please. Tonight, when she longed to capture Benjie's attention, her attempts had fallen flat. She had felt tongue-tied and awkward, and Benjie's friendly, pleasant manner was a blank wall. Scraps of conversation that should have held a clue to help her understand whirled in her mind in crazy, kaleidoscopic fashion.

Laura burrowed lower in the chair, oppressed by the emptiness of the house. When she heard Dad's key in the lock, she switched a light on quickly and sat up eagerly. He took forever to come down the hall. Laura couldn't wait to tell him. Dad stepped into the room, his face gray and tired.

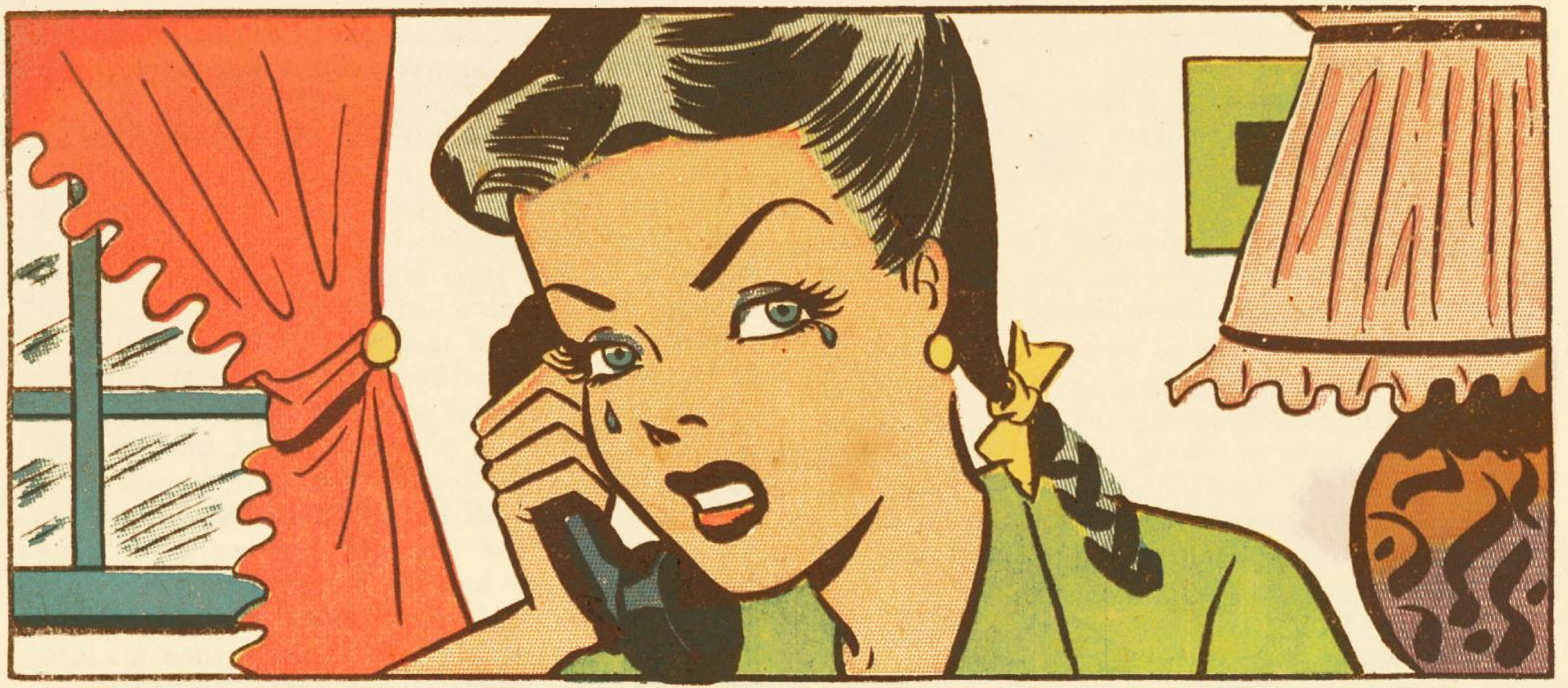
"It's Jimmy," he said wearily, dropping into a chair. "I've just left him at the hospital. He's so terribly sick and I can't do anything else for him."

Laura sat frozen. She had waited so impatiently for Dad's return. She had needed him so, and now that he was here . . .

Dad buried his face in his hands and the gesture brought her up sharply. No matter how hard Dad worked, or how much he did, when a patient's condition became critical, he took it to heart as though



SHE HAD FELT TONGUE-TIED AND AWKWARD, AND BENJIE'S FRIENDLY, PLEASANT MANNER WAS A BLANK WALL.



"I'VE NEVER MISSED ANYBODY SO MUCH IN MY LIFE," LAURA HEARD HERSELF SAYING THROUGH TEARS.

his own carelessness had caused the turn for the worse. Laura went into action, asking Dad questions to make him talk, but she could barely distinguish his answers. Desperately she tried to reassure him with all the words she could muster. He shook his head impatiently and left the room abruptly. Helplessly, Laura stared after him. The telephone shrilled into the stillness and Laura's heart hammered as she ran to answer it. The hospital . . . Jimmy . . .

"Hello," she said fearfully.

"Baby! It's Mother!" the high voice fluted over the wires.

Tears came, spilling violently. "Baby!" How she loathed that word, yet never had a word sounded sweeter.

"I've never missed anybody so much in my life," Laura heard herself saying through tears. There was silence at the other end. For a second Laura thought the line had gone dead. Then Mother's voice came through, oddly muffled. "That's the nicest thing you've ever said." The silence fell again and then in a voice that sounded more like herself Mother added. "What's wrong?"

Laura talked fast because she could hear Dad coming downstairs. "What can I do for him? What shall I say to him?" Laura finished.

"Make him a pot of coffee. Say nothing. Listen to him for all you're worth and get him to bed." Mother added triumphantly, "I just knew I should call."

Laura laughed as she put down the receiver. Suddenly so much was clear about Mother and Dad, about Alison and Benjie.

The kitchen was filled with the fragrance of coffee when Dad came in. Laura poured him a cup and sat next to him, plying him with sandwiches and listening. But after a few minutes, Dad stopped talking and concentrated on the food. His face didn't look drawn any more, just tired.

As she straightened the kitchen, the scraps of conversation came back to her, only now she understood them. Benjie complaining, "Hey, where's my dancing partner?" as he looked for the Pierrette that was buried at the bottom of the closet; the Pierrette he had danced about with last week to everyone's amusement and Laura's embarrassment. Benjie saying, "That was some cake your mother had last week." But Alison had really given her the clue, Laura realized, almost at the end of the evening.

"Remember last time when we toasted the marshmallows?" she had asked wistfully. "We used to do that home . . . I mean, before we came here."

They weren't sophisticated. Just homesick. Homesick enough to like the living room as it had been; the home baked cake; marshmallows and cocoa; the games Mother had suggested. Laura chuckled. Marshmallows for Benjie; coffee for Dad. Just what the Doctor's wife ordered.

The tree was only a dark shadow when she climbed into bed. She lay in the darkness watching it sway and hearing the rustle of the dry leaves as the wind shook them loose. Saturday was over and it had been a very special day—the forerunner of bigger and better Saturdays to come. Just before Dad had gone to bed, yawning and relaxed, he had come in to tell her that Jimmy was resting quietly and he had looked at her oddly. "You know, Laura, I never realized how much like your mother you are," he had said.

Laura grinned into the darkness. She had a picture of her own tall self in her mother's ruffled house dresses, piping sweetly to the canary! No, she'd never wear ruffles and laces. Dad was wrong, she *wasn't* like her mother. But she understood her now, understood that what seemed to be cloying sweetness really was a deep and heart-felt concern. And that that was what made a home—not functional modernism, however stylish it might be. She smiled to herself. Mother was mother—and how she loved her!

On an impulse she got out of bed and padded silently downstairs. She turned on the hall light and fished around in the closet for the Pierrette, and carried it over to the window seat.

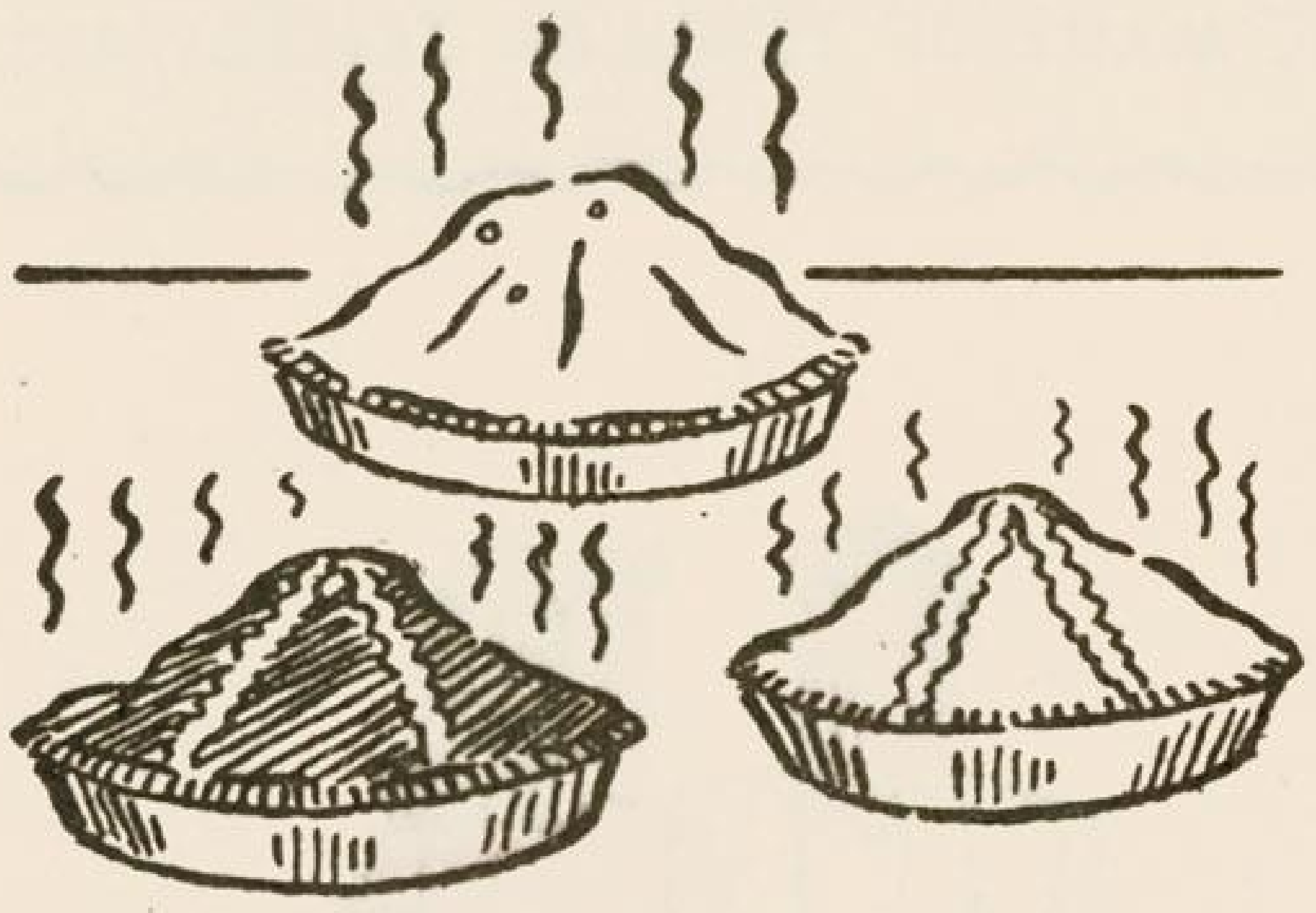
"I'm going to do my darndest to take your place as his dancing partner," she informed its silly white face. "But I promise you I'll never displace you any other way ever again."

FOOD FOR FUN

FRUIT CREAM PIE

1-1/3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
¼ cup lemon juice
2 eggs, separated
1 cup sliced strawberries or other fruit
2 tablespoons sugar
Cookie crumb crust

Blend sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice and egg yolks. Fold in fruit. Pour into pie plate (9-inch) lined with cookie crumb crust. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes, or until brown. Chill before serving.



CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1-1/3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
½ cup water
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk, stirring over boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

CAKE CREATION . . .

For a chocolate cake that's really chocolat-ey, try this recipe that's as easy as pie when you use a fudge mix.

2½ cups of a fudge mix, sifted
¼ cup shortening
2 lightly beaten eggs
1 cup self-rising cake flour
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream together the fudge mix powder and shortening, add eggs and blend. Add milk gradually and mix. When smooth, pour flour in gradually and continue mixing until blended. Beat with rotary beater for two minutes, scraping sides of bowl from time to time during beating. Line bottom of loaf pan (10 x 5 inches) with greased wax paper. Pour batter onto this and bake in moderate oven (350° Fahrenheit) for about 55 minutes, until done.

CHOCOLATE CREAM . . .

For a creamy cream pie that's dee-lush . . . try this easy way round with a new fudge mix that works wonders.

1½ cups of a fudge mix (½ package)
2 tablespoons cornstarch (or 4 tablespoons flour)
2 cups milk

Mix the fudge and cornstarch (or flour); stir in milk. Cook in a saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil and bubbles two or three minutes (or cook over boiling water until smooth and thickened, about 20 minutes). Pour into 8 or 9 inch baked pie shell and chill. Top with whipped cream or meringue if desired.

BROWNER 'N A BROWNIE

Never got your fill of Brownies from the bakery store? Well, here's a way to make 'em at home, so's you can eat and eat and eat . . .

1½ cups of a fudge mix
½ cup shortening
2 eggs
¾ cup flour
½ teasp. baking powder

Cream fudge mix with shortening; add beaten eggs and blend until smooth. Stir flour and baking powder into mixture. Nuts may be added if desired. Pour stiff batter into greased flat pan and spread. Bake 30 minutes at 350°. Cut into squares before cooling.

PINS and RINGS
for your sorority, class or club.
Artistic pins, rings and emblems of finest quality. Pins 30c up; rings $1.50 up . . . Write for our attractive free catalog.
Over 300 DESIGNS
METAL ARTS CO., Inc.
Dept. U
ROCHESTER 5, N.Y.

FREE! TO ANYONE
LIBRARY of PICTURES & PHOTO FOLDER
ENLARGEMENT 10¢
Just to get acquainted, we will send you a beautiful 7x5" professional enlargement made from your favorite snapshot, picture, print or negative—for only 10c! Further, by return mail we will send FREE a wonderful "Library of Pictures" containing four beautiful miniature pictures suitable for framing. We will also send FREE a photo folder to hold 8 snapshots. This is a genuine introductory offer. We have over a million customers but we want MORE! Offer limited so send THIS AD with any snapshot, picture or negative and 10c now!
AMERICAN STUDIOS, Box 323 LA CROSSE, WIS.

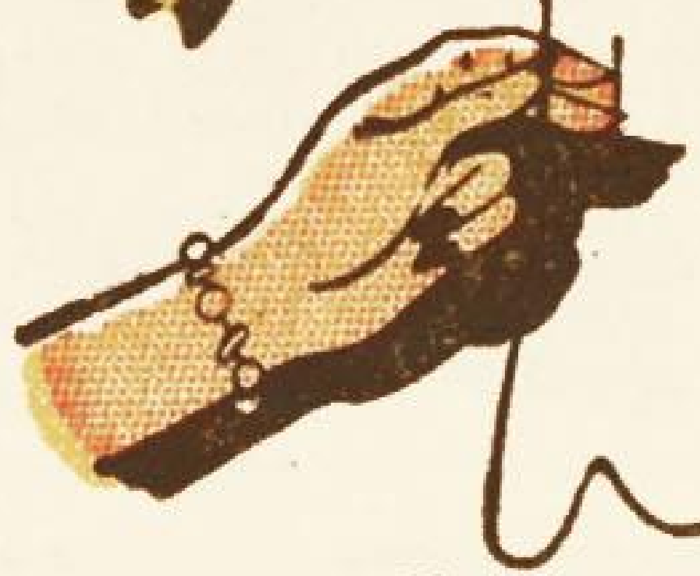
A Real Roosevelt Bargain
No stamps are more attractive . . . none are more popular than the famous ROOSEVELT issues by 17 different countries. WE HAVE THEM ALL for approvals and will send the complete Roosevelt issue of Honduras, the complete Roosevelt issue of Cuba, the Nicaragua bi-colored Roosevelt, and the Monaco Roosevelt triangle, all for only 10c to approval applicants. Please state whether approvals shall consist of U. S. or foreign stamps or both.
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
268 Fourth Ave., Dept. 354, New York 10, N.Y.

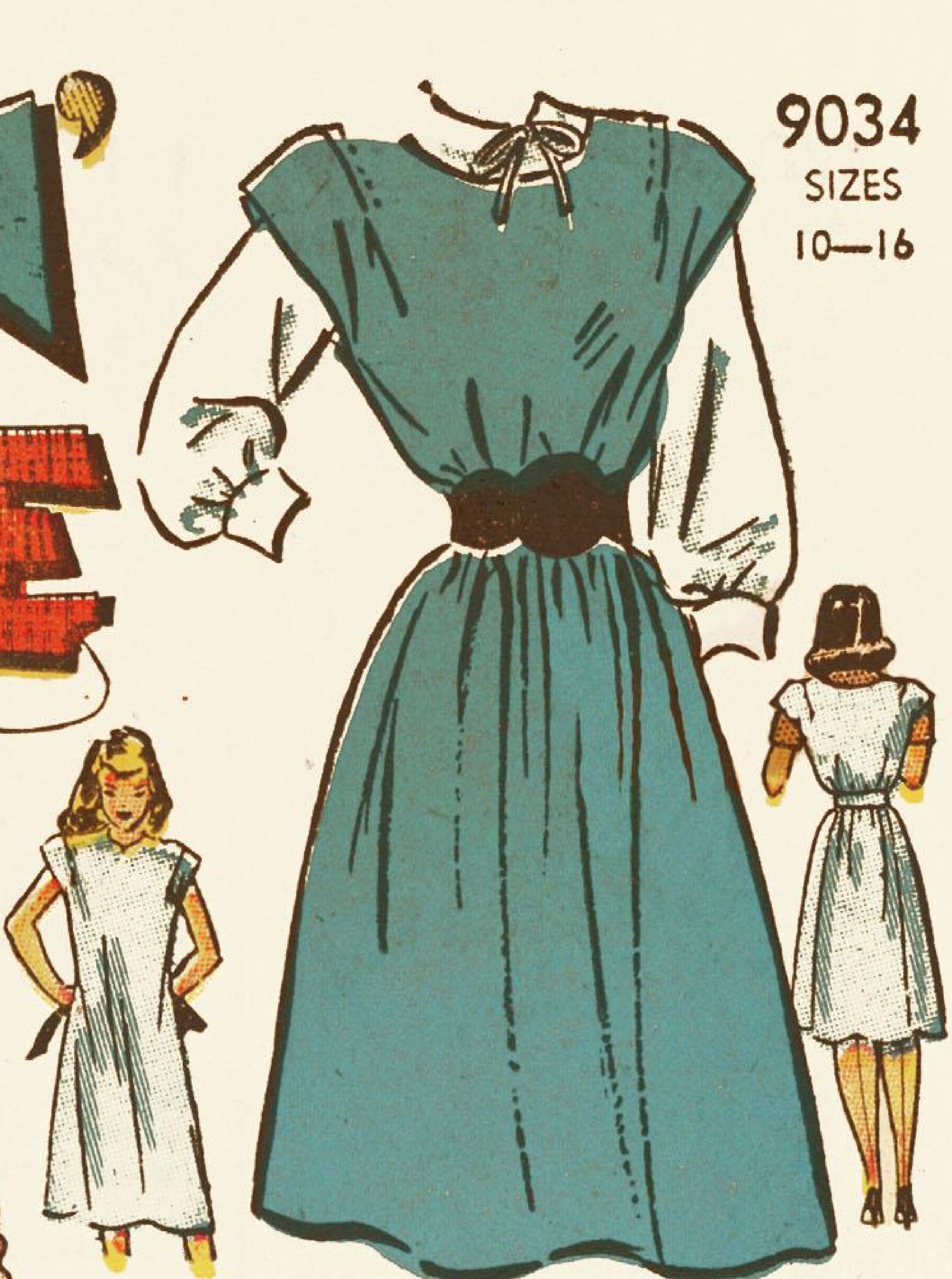
FREE CATALOG!
for Stamp Collectors
Beautifully Illustrated! U. S. Stamps. Packets by Countries. Albums & Collector's Supplies. Special Offers! Information for Beginners!
H. E. HARRIS & CO.
118 Transit Bldg. • Boston 17, Mass.

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years
Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepare for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H 250
Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

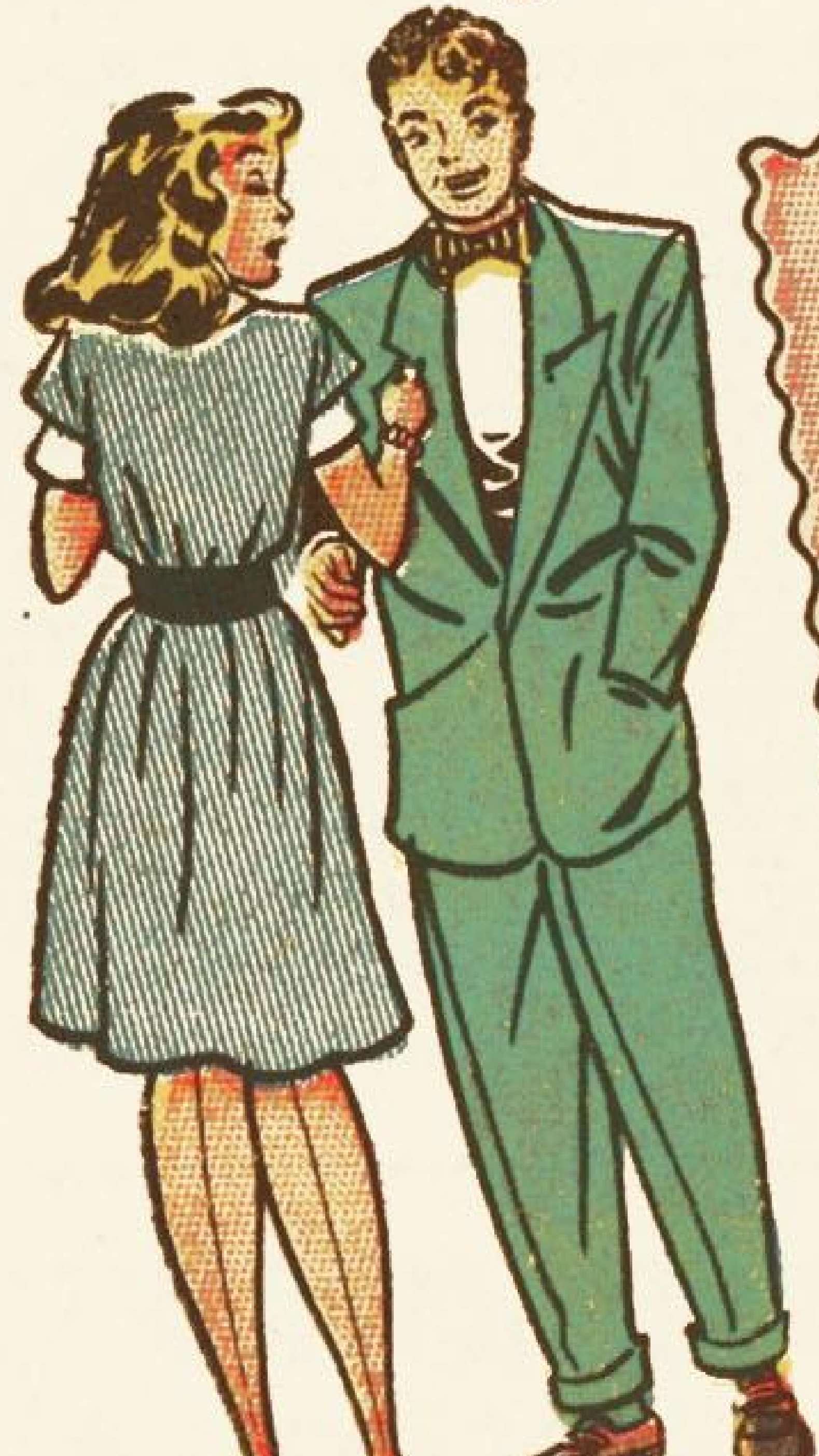
DON'T MISS
JUNIOR MISS
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

STITCHIN' TIME





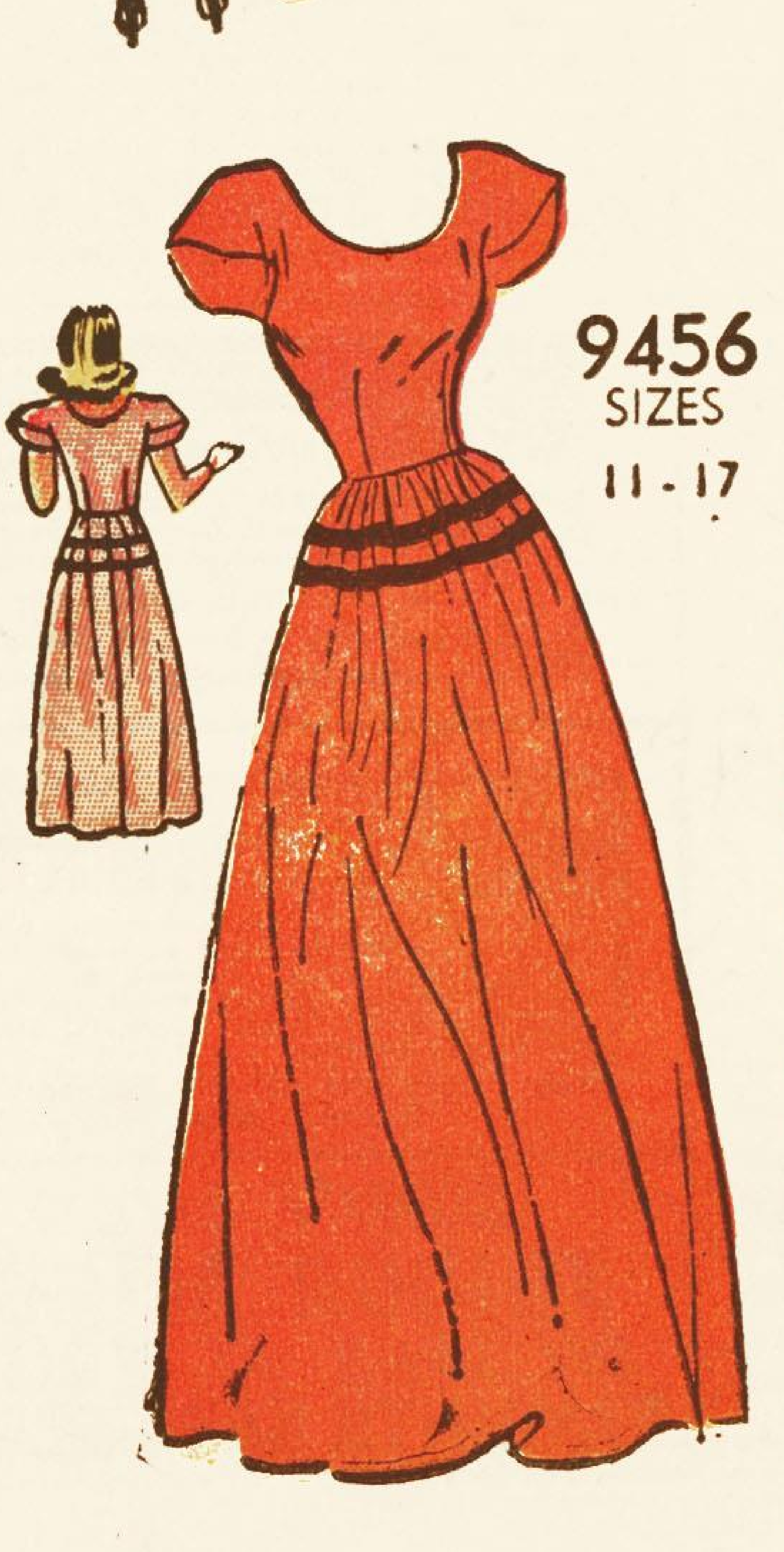
9034
SIZES
10—16



SEND ***TWENTY-FIVE CENTS*** *(IN COINS)* FOR EACH PATTERN TO: MISS AMERICA, PATTERN DEPARTMENT, BOX 235, STATION O, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

FIFTEEN CENTS FOR THE FALL AND WINTER PATTERN CATALOG WITH A FREE PATTERN PRINTED IN THE BOOK.

A BEGINNER'S DELIGHT! THIS JUMPER OUTFIT IS SO-EASY-TO MAKE, TEEN-AGER. WEAR IT WITHOUT BLOUSE FOR DATES... FOR SCHOOL, WITH BLOUSE. COMES IN TEEN-AGE SIZES 10 TO 16. SIZE 12, JUMPER TAKES 1⅛ YARDS 54 INCH FABRIC, AND THE BLOUSE NEEDS 1⅞ YARDS 35 INCH. CAN BE MADE OF TUBULAR JERSEY, ALSO.



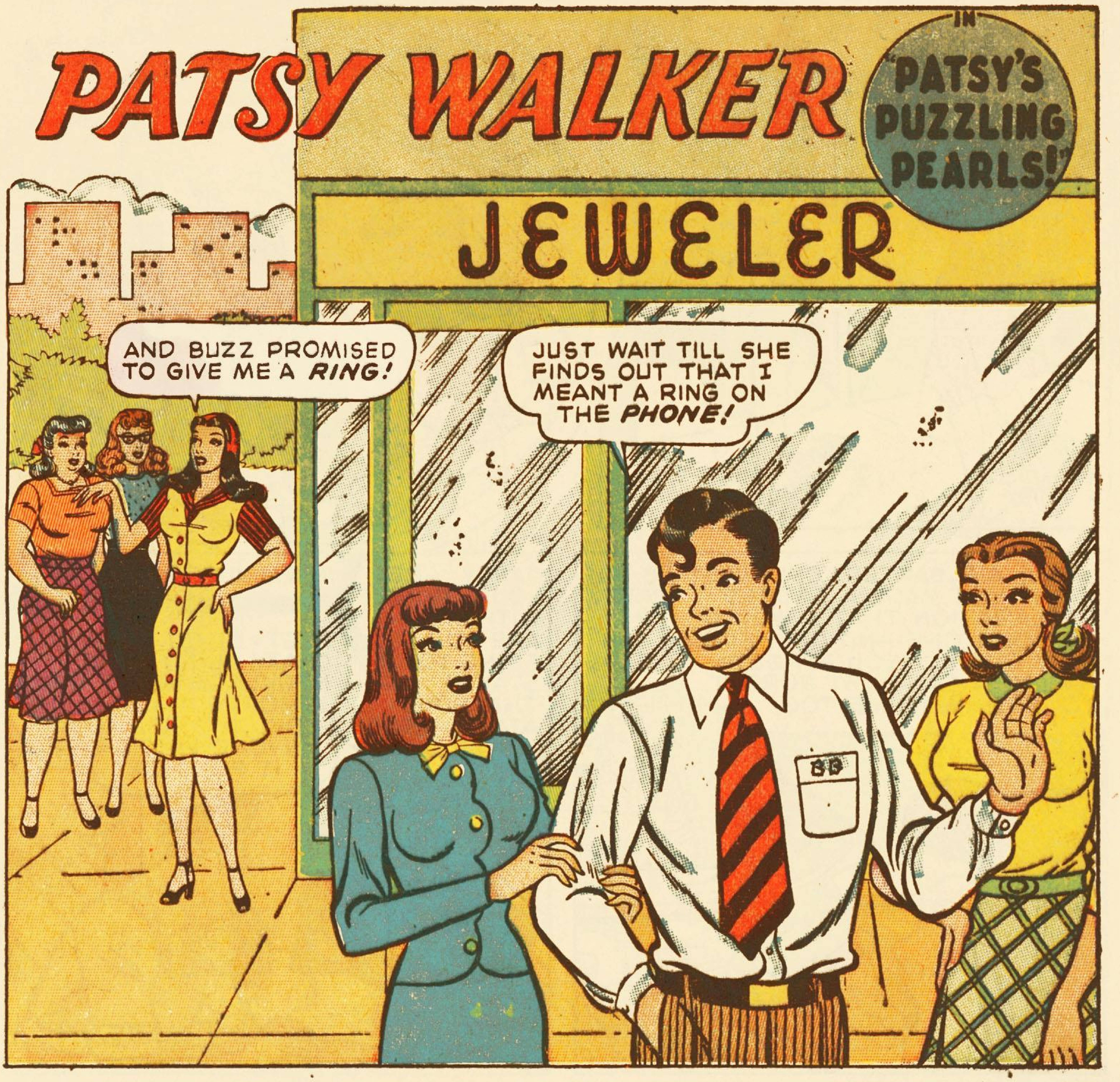
9456
SIZES
11 - 17

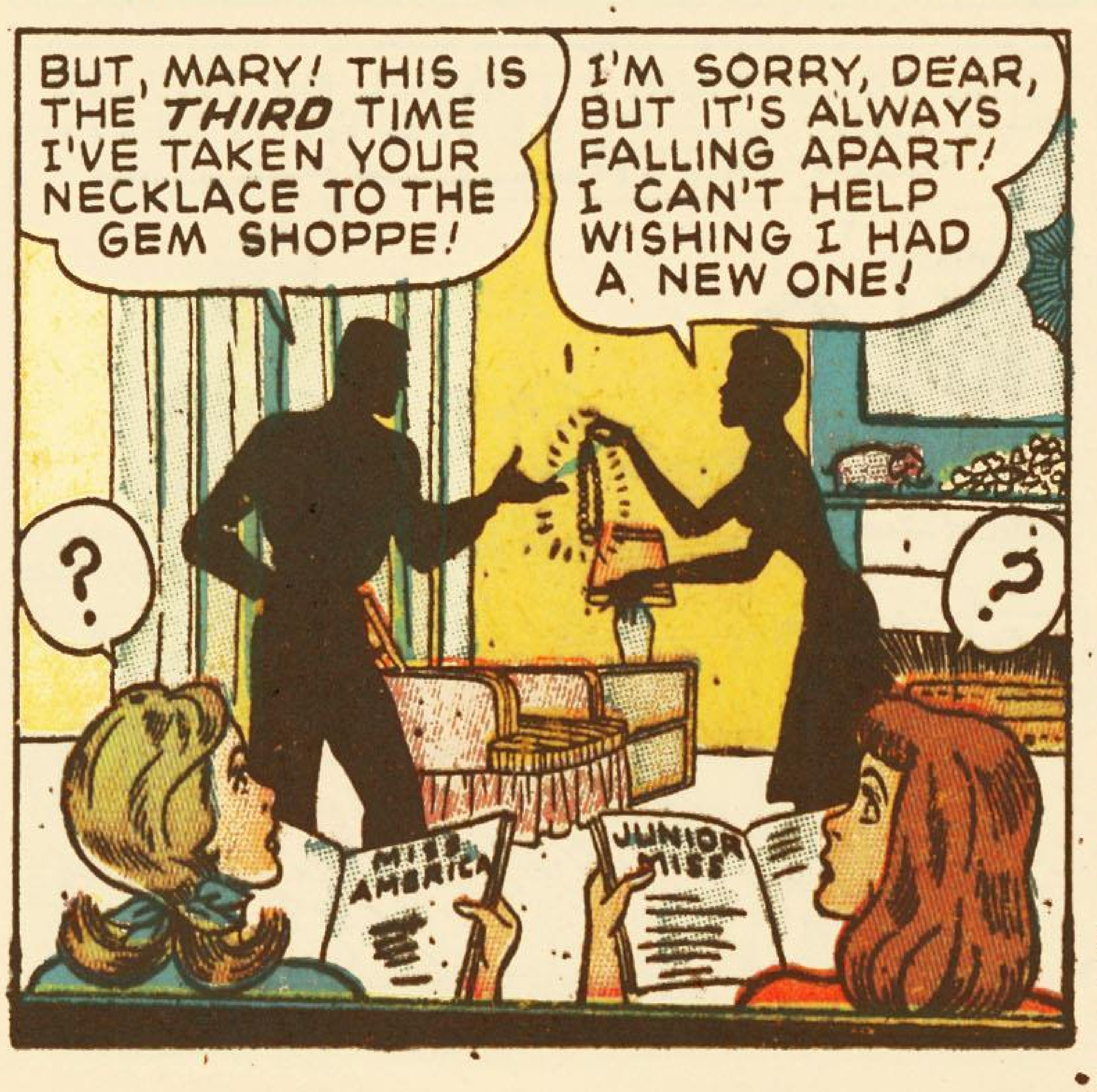
IF YOU'RE GOING FORMAL, YOU'LL WANT THIS EVENING DRESS. BEGIN NOW TO MAKE IT. IDEAL FOR PROMS, TOO... AND GRADUATION. SIZES 11 TO 17. SIZE 13 REQUIRES 5⅞ YARDS 39 INCH MATERIAL. IT'S A JR. MISS.

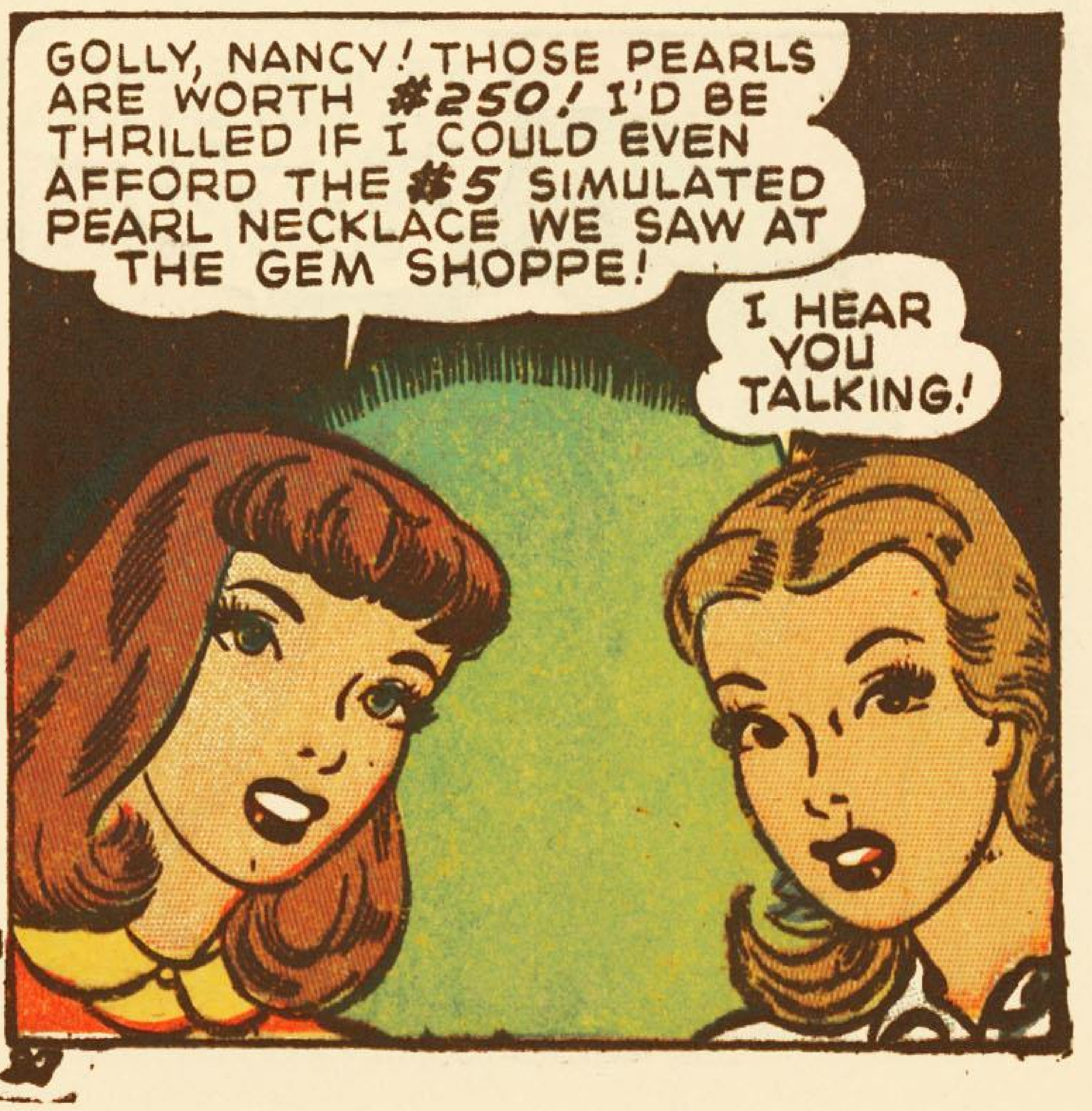
PATSY WALKER

IN

"PATSY'S PUZZLING PEARLS!"


JEWELER
AND BUZZ PROMISED TO GIVE ME A *RING!*
JUST WAIT TILL SHE FINDS OUT THAT I MEANT A RING ON THE *PHONE!*
BB


BUT, MARY! THIS IS THE *THIRD* TIME I'VE TAKEN YOUR NECKLACE TO THE GEM SHOPPE!
I'M SORRY, DEAR, BUT IT'S ALWAYS FALLING APART! I CAN'T HELP WISHING I HAD A NEW ONE!
?
?
MISS AMERICA
JUNIOR MISS


GOLLY, NANCY! THOSE PEARLS ARE WORTH *$250!* I'D BE THRILLED IF I COULD EVEN AFFORD THE *$5* SIMULATED PEARL NECKLACE WE SAW AT THE GEM SHOPPE!
I HEAR YOU TALKING!

LET'S DROP OVER TO THE SODA SHOPPE AND VISIT BUZZ!
OKE!
OH, BUZZIE DEAR! YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING SUCH SWEET THINGS!
SODA
WELL, MR. BAXTER! ONLY LAST NIGHT YOU MADE A SACRED DECLARATION THAT I WOULD BE YOUR ONE AND ONLY GIRL! HOW QUICKLY YOU FORGET— AND YOU CAN JUST FORGET TO. SPEAK TO ME, TOO!
B-BUT, PATSY, I-I-CAN EXPL-
NANCY! ARE YOU COMING WITH ME OR ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN THIS FOUL ATMOSPHERE?
IN A MINUTE, PATSY!
PSST-BUZZ! PATSY'S CRAZY ABOUT THAT NECKLACE IN THE GEM SHOPPE WINDOW-SHE COULDN'T BE MAD AT ANYONE WHO'D GET IT FOR HER!
I CATCH!
NECKLACE, EH? I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL FIX PATSY BUT GOOD!
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!
THAT'LL BE TWELVE CENTS WITH TAX!
COSTUME
NOTHING OVER 10¢
PINS
PEARLS
DIAMONDS
RINGS
2

MEANWHILE...
IT'S A BARGAIN, AT FIVE DOLLARS, SIR, AND IT'S THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE LEFT!
I'LL TAKE IT!
WATCH DEPT.
I'M IN TIME! BUZZ IS STILL IN THERE!
Gem Shoppe
Rings
WATCHES
JEWELRY
HELLO, BUZZIE DEAR! WHAT A LOVELY NECKLACE! MAY I SEE IT?
OH-ER-SURE, HEDY!
THAT WILL BE FIVE DOLLARS, SIR!
HERE YOU ARE!
THEY'RE NOT LOOKING-NOW'S MY CHANCE!
5
I'LL SUBSTITUTE THIS CHEAP NECKLACE! WHEN PATSY SEES THIS JUNK, SHE'LL BE FURIOUS! THEN I CAN HAVE BUZZ!
10¢
SO LONG, HEDY! SEE YOU LATER!
I'M SURE YOU WILL, BUZZIE DEAR!
3

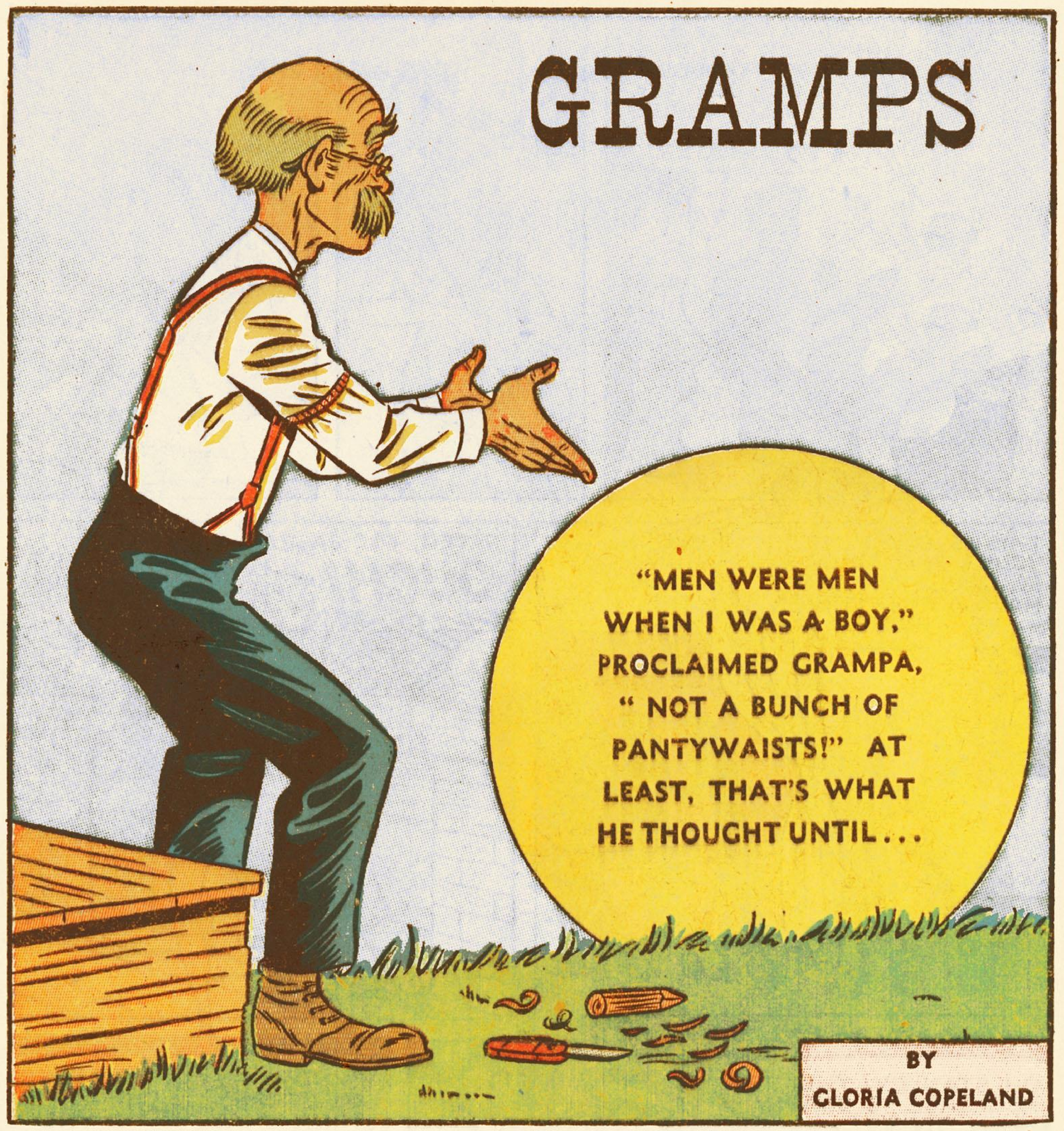
MEANWHILE...
I HOPE THIS IS THE LAST TRIP I HAVE TO MAKE WITH THESE DARN PEARLS!
I HOPE PATSY'S AROUND!
LOOKS LIKE THE GRASS NEEDS CUTTING AGAIN!
OOF!
WUP!
I'M *AWFULLY* SORRY, SIR!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUZZ! I WASN'T WATCHING EITHER!
I DROPPED MY PACKAGE—LET'S SEE—AH, HERE IT IS!
I DID, TOO! OH, HERE'S MINE!
SAY, WHAT'S ALL—OH, IT'S *YOU*, IS IT? I'M NOT AT HOME TO YOU, MR BAXTER! *GOODBYE!*
PLEASE, PATSY, I WANT TO APOLOGIZE AND GIVE YOU THIS PRESENT!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! BUT—OH, BUZZ! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE—THEY'RE GORGEOUS!
THEN YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME *ANY MORE*?

OF COURSE NOT, YOU SILLY DEAR! GOLLY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SHOW IT TO EVERYONE!
I'VE **GOT** TO GET BACK TO THE FOUNTAIN—COME DOWN A LITTLE LATER, PATSY!
MOTHER! JUST LOOK AT THE WONDERFUL PEARLS BUZZ GAVE ME!
THEY **ARE** VERY LOVELY! AND THEY LOOK SO REAL! I DO HOPE HE DIDN'T SPEND TOO MUCH!
HELLO, NANCY! WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT I JUST GOT!
A PEARL NECKLACE! IT WAS NICE OF BU—ER, I MEAN—WHO GAVE IT TO YOU?
BUZZ DID! C'MON—LET'S HURRY DOWN TO THE FOUNTAIN! I WANT TO SHOW IT TO THE GANG!
YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO SEE HEDY'S **"GREEN EYES"** POP OUT!
STANLEY! THESE PEARLS! THEY'RE NOT MINE! WHY THOSE BUZZ GAVE TO PATSY LOOKS BETTER THAN THIS JUNK!
WHAT? AND YOU SAY BUZZ JUST GAVE PATSY A NECKLACE?
HOLY HAT! WHEN BUZZ AND I BUMPED INTO EACH OTHER WE MUST HAVE SWITCHED OUR PACKAGES, AND YOU'VE GOT THE ONE INTENDED FOR PATSY... AND SHE HAS **YOURS!**
HEAVENS! LIKE THEM OR NOT—THEY STILL COST $250, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM BACK!
5

AS PATSY AND NANCY PROMENADE...
OH, PATSY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
THEY'RE MAGNIF!
YES, PATSY—IT *IS* VERY LOVELY! MAY I TRY IT ON—PLEASE?
WEL-L-L, O.K., HEDY! BE *VERY* CAREFUL! BUZZ WOULD *NEVER* FORGIVE ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO IT!
I'LL BE CAREFUL!
OOPS! HOW CLUMSY OF ME! I'LL *NEVER* FORGIVE MYSELF!
EEK!
CRUNCH!
OH, NANCY! WHAT'LL I TELL BUZZ? OH-H-H...
HEDY WOLFE! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE! YOU—YOU—
WHAT IF I DID? THEY'RE CHEAP ENOUGH! *I'LL REPLACE* THEM!
PATSY! WAIT UP!
HUH? IT'S DADDY! I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?
QUICKLY, PATSY! WHERE ARE THE PEARLS BUZZ GAVE YOU? WE GOT OUR PACKAGES MIXED, AND YOU HAVE YOUR MOTHER'S NECKLACE BY MISTAKE!
WHAT? HEDY THREW THEM UNDER THE TRUCK!
AND WE'RE WITNESSES TO PROVE THAT SHE SAID SHE'D REPLACE THEM!
13

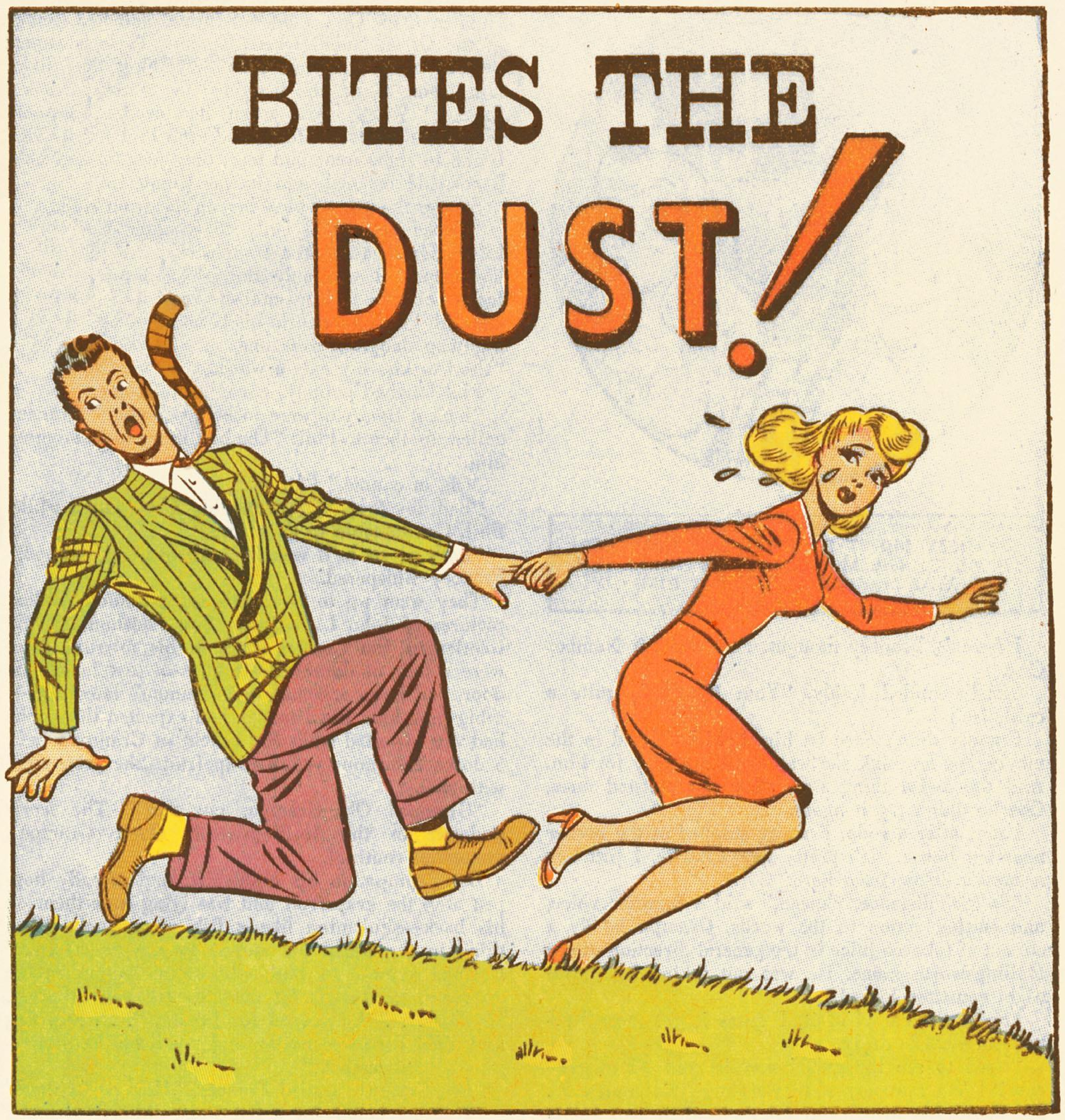
SO WE FIND THE TRIO OF GIRLS AND MR. WALKER AT HEDY'S HOME...
HERE YOU ARE, WALKER! THIS CHECK WILL COVER IT! AND AS FOR YOU, HEDY, I WANT EVERY CENT IN YOUR PURSE!
Y-YES, PATER!
OH!
WHY, THESE PEARLS ARE THE ONES BUZZ WAS GOING TO GIVE ME!
TO Patsy, BUZZ
THIS IS TOO MUCH! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US NOW, MY DAUGHTER AND I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO DISCUSS!
IMAGINE HER HAVING MY PEARLS ALL THIS TIME!
PATER, PLE-EASE!
OUCH!
ISN'T THAT LOVELY MUSIC?
I DON'T FEEL A BIT SORRY FOR HER!
LATER, AT THE WALKER HOME...
OH, STANLEY! THIS NEW NECKLACE IS SIMPLY DIVINE!
AND MINE IS JUST SUPER, TOO, BUZZ!
Y'KNOW, BUZZ, SOMETIMES I THINK THAT HEDY'S DIABOLICAL PLOTTING IS OFTEN VERY BENEFICIAL TO ME!
SHE WINDS UP BEHIND THE EIGHT-BALL—WHICH IS JUST WHERE SHE BELONGS!
THE END

GRAMPS BITES THE DUST!



"MEN WERE MEN WHEN I WAS A BOY," PROCLAIMED GRAMPA, "NOT A BUNCH OF PANTYWAISTS!" AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT HE THOUGHT UNTIL . . .

BY GLORIA COPELAND



"Dear Diary,

"Boy friends are biting the dust like Red Indians," Francey Hollingsworth wrote.

Her wide blue eyes that only last week Johnny had told her were the brightest in Burnside High, got even brighter as they filled with tears. *Now* where was Johnny? *Gone.* Bitten the dust like the rest. Who *could* stand being heckled in the middle of a good-night kiss? Only Phil, it seemed, good old Phil.

"There is one fly in the ointment of my life," she went on, *"and it is Grampa!"*

With that she dissolved into tears for a whole 30 seconds.

Grampa was sabotaging her social life, not to say putting an atomic bomb under it. He thought it was funny—*funny!*—to make rude comments over his newspaper about her dates' bow ties, their haircuts and their sports jackets. It was his opinion that modern young men were namby-pamby pantywaists who couldn't carry a 25 pound bag of flour upstairs, let alone a girl, and he wasn't at all shy about saying so, straight to their blushing faces. Whereas Grampa exercised enough every day to ploop any fellow she'd brought to the house yet, he said, and he could still swing a corn-fed gal over his shoulder in a barn dance.

Last week Grampa had opened the door for Pete Gilford. "Derned if it ain't a scaped convick!" he had shouted. "Police!" All because of Pete's crew-cut. Grampa had taken all the starch out of him. That was the last date she'd had with Pete.

Well, she would out-fox Grampa tonight. She wouldn't *let* Charlie bring her home. She'd make some excuse and say good-night at the corner. And she'd meet him right at the door when he arrived.

Charlie wasn't her favorite boy friend, but he was nice and she didn't want to lose him. She'd already lost six—seven, if she wanted to count Homer Ridgeley who wore glasses and had pimples, and whom she didn't care much about losing. But for statistical purposes, Francey did want to count Homer.

Later that evening, when Charlie arrived, Francey swept him backward off his feet, getting him out of the house. "Hi, Charlie! Let's walk to the Capitol! I feel like a million tonight!" Francey said, by way of explaining her physical exuberance.

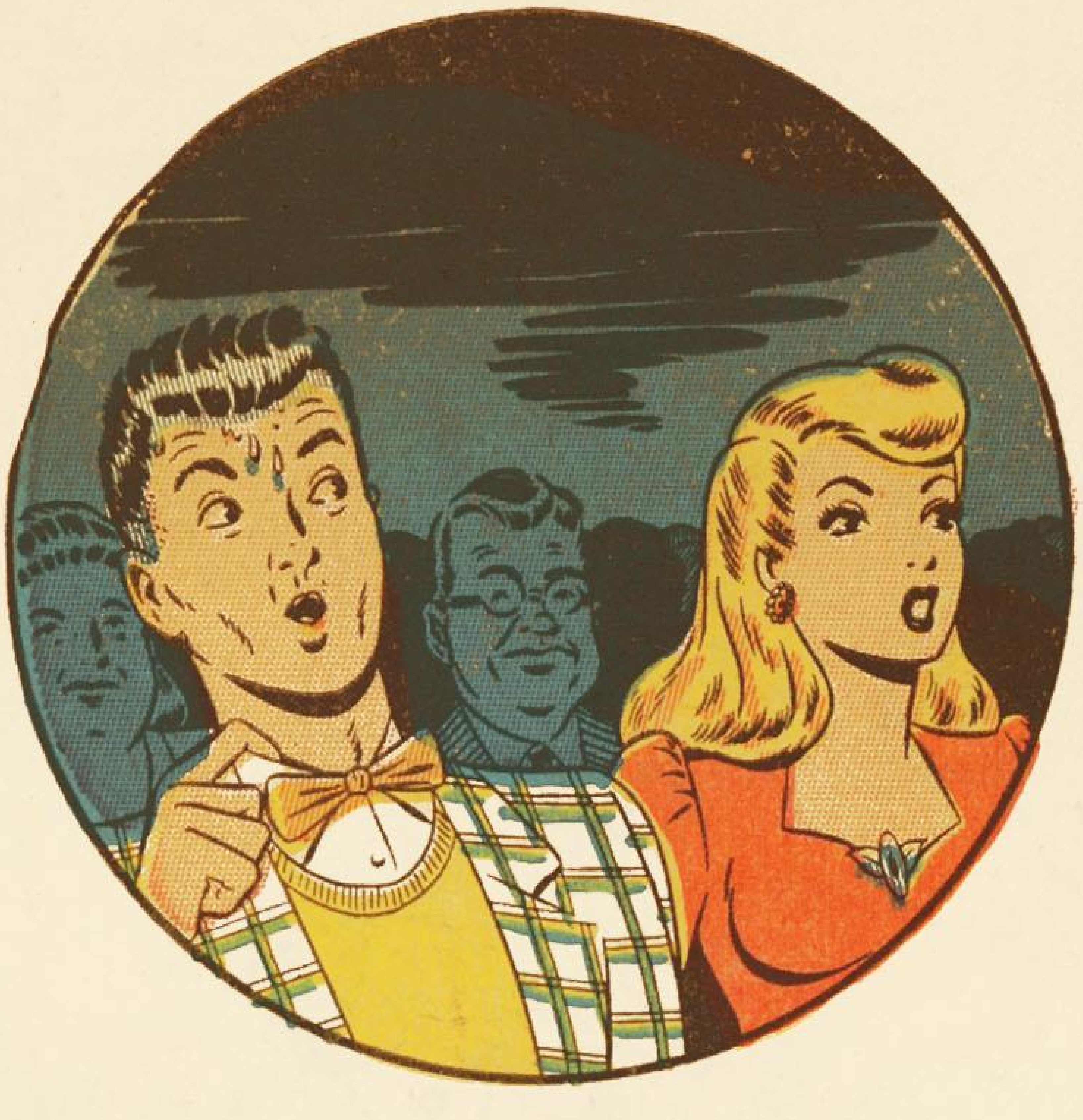
"Evenin', feller!" Grampa said, with unwonted politeness, jumping spryly out of his chair and extending his hand. "Can't understand these modern young women whisking their fellers off like they's afraid somepin's gonna grab 'em! Put 'er there!"

"Ow!" Charlie screamed, for Grampa had given him what he called his vice-like grip, which it was. Charlie massaged and blew on his injured extremity.

"Heh-heh-heh," laughed Grampa. "Modern young fellers sure can't take what us fellers used to dish out!"

"Well, Grampa—he wasn't exactly expecting it," Francey murmured, blushing to her ears.

"Hang onter yer hat, Charlie," Grampa called after them. "Francey's got her sights set!"



FRANCEY DIDN'T DARE LET HIM HOLD HER HAND IN THE MOVIE, LEST HE THINK SHE WAS MAKING A PLAY FOR HIM.

I *haven't,* Francey thought. Phil was her Number One.

Charlie smiled feebly. "Your Grampa's quite a card, isn't he?"

Francey didn't dare let him hold her hand in the movie, lest he think she was making a play for him. And the awful thing was, after she resisted once, Charlie didn't try it again.

Later, after a soda, Francey stopped at the corner near her house. "It's pretty late, Charlie. I just live a stone's throw from here."

"*Spittin'* distance, y'mean," said a familiar voice, and suiting action to the words, Grampa let fly a stream of tobacco juice in the general direction of the Hollingsworth home. He was out taking his "midnight constitooshional."

"From the sound of it, I guess it got there," remarked Charlie dryly.

"Used to see my gals home 10 and 20 miles—carried 'em mostway if they's tired," Grampa said. He flexed his arms, and no more than two joints cracked sharply in the night air.

"That so?" asked Charlie, looking sick. "G'night, Francey. Call you soon."

Francey could have wept.

"Trouble with the modern young *woman* is—no sense of humor!" Grampa observed loudly as she flounced home.

"Dear Diary,

"Charlie bit the dust tonight. Thank goodness there's still Phil. He's got the patience of Job, and I adore him—I guess."

Then Francey went to bed and slept like a top, because she'd walked so far, and she didn't really care about losing Charlie.

The next night she had a date with Phil, her Number One. They went out formal and had dinner at the Green Room where Tommy Taylor's super-smooth band gave out with everything they liked best from "Begin the Beguine" to "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke." When she'd worn her evening slippers several millimeters thinner and even Phil's virile face began to show wear and tear, they just sat and held hands and listened, and it was wonderful.

So was the kiss he gave her on the front walk.

"Timed you, Phil! Only 45 seconds! Call that a kiss?" Grampa shouted from what sounded like the housetop, but was only the second story window, from which he had an unobstructed view. He leaned out with his old watch in his hand and the tail of his nightcap dangling over one eye like a court jester. "Used to kiss my gals a whole five minutes, I did!"

Phil laughed politely, but embarrassedly.

"Isn't it time you were in bed, Grampa?" Francey called up, then to Phil: "The best thing to do's ignore him.

"Oh, of course," Phil said.

"Bed, my foot!" Grampa said. "C'mon up a while, Phil. Got somepin to show you."

"Let's go or he'll wake the whole neighborhood," Francey whispered.

They went up to Grampa's crazy room. He had pictures of John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons and Gentleman Jim Corbett stuck in his mirror; there were a pair of dumbbells to trip on just inside the door, and in an armchair was Grampa's latest bug—a big pink kite. But Francey had expected these. She had *not* expected what she beheld in Grampa's bed: a dozen enormous yellow grapefruit. She grew rigid with shame.

"Grampa! Oh, Grampa, not that!" The *worst* skeleton in the Hollingsworth closet—Grampa's grapefruit routine!

But Grampa, in his nightshirt, had already hopped atop the grapefruit and was lying over them on his back—squirming like a fish on a hook. "Best thing in the world for muscle tone, young feller," Grampa avowed to Phil, who stood gaping in the doorway, "and don't let nobuddy tell you different. Do this . . ." he gasped for breath, ". . . morning and night for three weeks, and you'll be the muscleman of the campus."

"Oh, Gramp!" wailed Francey. "How *could* you!"

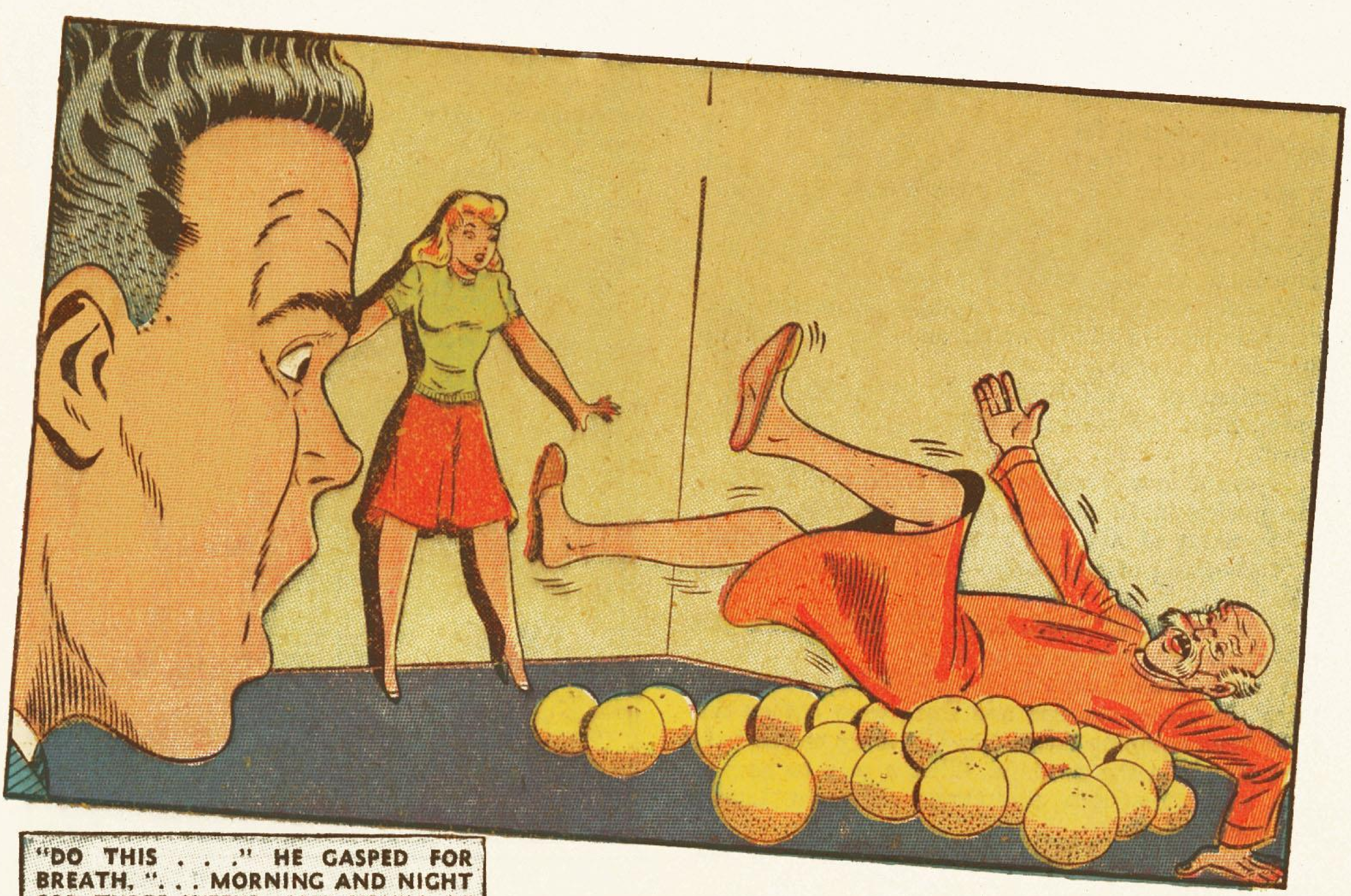
"Nothing better for a flat-waist either!" Grampa flipped adroitly onto his abdomen that had never had an ounce of avoirdupois on it and never would have, and the grapefruit rolled under him like a dozen ball bearings. "*You* try it, Phil! Slip outa them fancy duds and get aboard." He hopped lithely to the floor.

"Well, uh . . . I . . . m-might try it some time at home, Mr. Hollingsworth," stammered Phil, flabbergasted.

Francey knew she was witnessing one more END.

Phil didn't call the next day. In school he could hardly murmur "H'lo," as they passed in the corridor. And Francey frankly couldn't bear to record what had happened in her diary.

Little did she know as she sat in Ye Olde Goope Shoppe that afternoon, musing on the tragedy of her



"DO THIS . . ." HE GASPED FOR BREATH, ". . . MORNING AND NIGHT FOR THREE WEEKS, AND YOU'LL BE THE MUSCLEMAN OF THE CAMPUS."

16 years, that deliverance was at hand. In fact, she didn't even see her deliverance when it—or rather He with a capital H—breezed into the Goope Shoppe, complete with broad shoulders, crisp blond hair that was *not* crew-cut, and six feet two inches of bone and brawn.

"Hi!" he grinned, and swung onto the empty stool beside her. "Mind if I say hello? I'm Buck Randall, just in from California and I don't know a soul. Do you have a soul?" Then before she could get her breath, he said to the boy behind the counter, "Make it two of those triple-rich quadruple-thick malteds with a chocolate 'n vanilla double-dip in each."

"B-b-but, I'm already having a coke," Francey protested.

"Okay. If you can't drink it, I can," he grinned. And the grin was so nice, Francey had to smile back.

She drank it. Something was making her heart flip-flop like Grampa on the grape—no, not quite like *that*—but like something. He wasn't fresh, she decided, it was just that he hailed from breezy California, where men, evidently, were men.

"Okay, Francey. See you tonight at 7:00. It's been a pleasure!" said Buck a few moments later.

Francey stared after him with her eyes popping, but not popping so much she couldn't see that every other girl in the Goope Shoppe was staring at him too. Buck Randall, the triple-threat import for the Burnside eleven. He worked as fast with a girl as he did with a football. But what about Grampa tonight? She'd almost forgotten!

At 7:00 sharp, Buck strode up the Hollingsworth front walk wearing his friendly grin, the most dazzling sports jacket Francey had seen east of the Mississippi, and carrying a bunch of yellow spring jonquils.

Grampa, primed to make a remark, looked over his newspaper as usual with a sharp twinkle in his eye and opened his mouth to say the Lord knew what. But the mouth kept opening wider and wider. The twinkle lost a lot of its fire.

"Here," whispered Francey to Grampa, "comes a *man*!" And to Buck: "Meet my Grampa, Buck. Buck Randall, Gramp."

"Glad to know you, Grampa," said Buck, tossing the jonquils unceremoniously to Francey. He walked over to Grampa holding out a hand the size of a club steak. "You're going to see a lot more of me!"

"That so?—OUCH!" *Grampa* was wincing at a handshake!

"Oh, excuse me!" Buck said, genuinely sorry. "Been wrestling with a football all afternoon. Guess I underestimated myself."

Francey's heart was again going flip-flop-pitter-patter-BOOM, the last being a terrific fall for Mr. Buck Randall. It couldn't be working out better if she'd written it herself like a radio script! The twinkle was coming back in Grampa's eye, but about half of its Old Nick was missing.

"A feller like you might be worth watching on a football field—mebbe. They used to put three extra men on the other team when I played for old Rawhide. I could kick a ball the length of the field and then some."

"Sa-ay," drawled Buck, not the least impressed, "my specialty's a boomerang kick that'll take 'er there and bring 'er back. Got a football, Grampa?" He whacked his hands together. "I'll demonstrate out on the lawn."

Grampa darted for the stairs to fetch his football. "Matter of fact," he said, stopping halfway, "I think I put it away in the attic just the other day. Have to get it out tomorrow. How's your chinning? That's a real test of *po-ower-r*!" Grampa made a fist and brought it up in a slow shaky uppercut.

Francey winced, because Grampa *was* pretty good at chinning. He didn't weigh anything to haul up and down anyway.

"Chinning?" said Buck. "Oh, 40 or 50 times, I guess. Start my workouts chinning 20 times every day."

"I can chin as good as I ever could and that was the goodest in 10 counties back in the '90's."

"Speaking of 90's, how's your golf?" Buck smiled.

"Only thing of mine below par! I play in the low 60's."

"I'm low 50's," Buck said. "Wouldn't bore me though to take you on some time."

Francey could hardly keep up with them. The next thing she knew, Grampa and Buck were out on the front lawn chinning themselves like crazy on the iron bars that held the awnings. What a way to have a date, and a first date, too, Francey thought, loving every second of it.

"Twelve!" called Buck, hoisting himself for the twelfth time, and with *one arm*. "Thirteen! . . . Fourteen!"

"Eight," gasped Grampa valiantly, doing it with two arms, and just barely at that.

"Grampa, don't over-exert yourself," Francey warned.

"Ain't exerting myself! (Gasp.) Ten . . ."

"Nineteen!" Buck retorted, going up and down as easily as a rubber ball on a string. "If you get tired, Grampa, hop on my other arm and I'll *ride* you!"

"Say, listen here . . ." Grampa began, dropping to the ground as if better to reply to this semi-insult, but Francey knew it was to get his breath back. Grampa was licked, there was no doubt of it. Licked, licked, licked! He couldn't even think of a comeback!

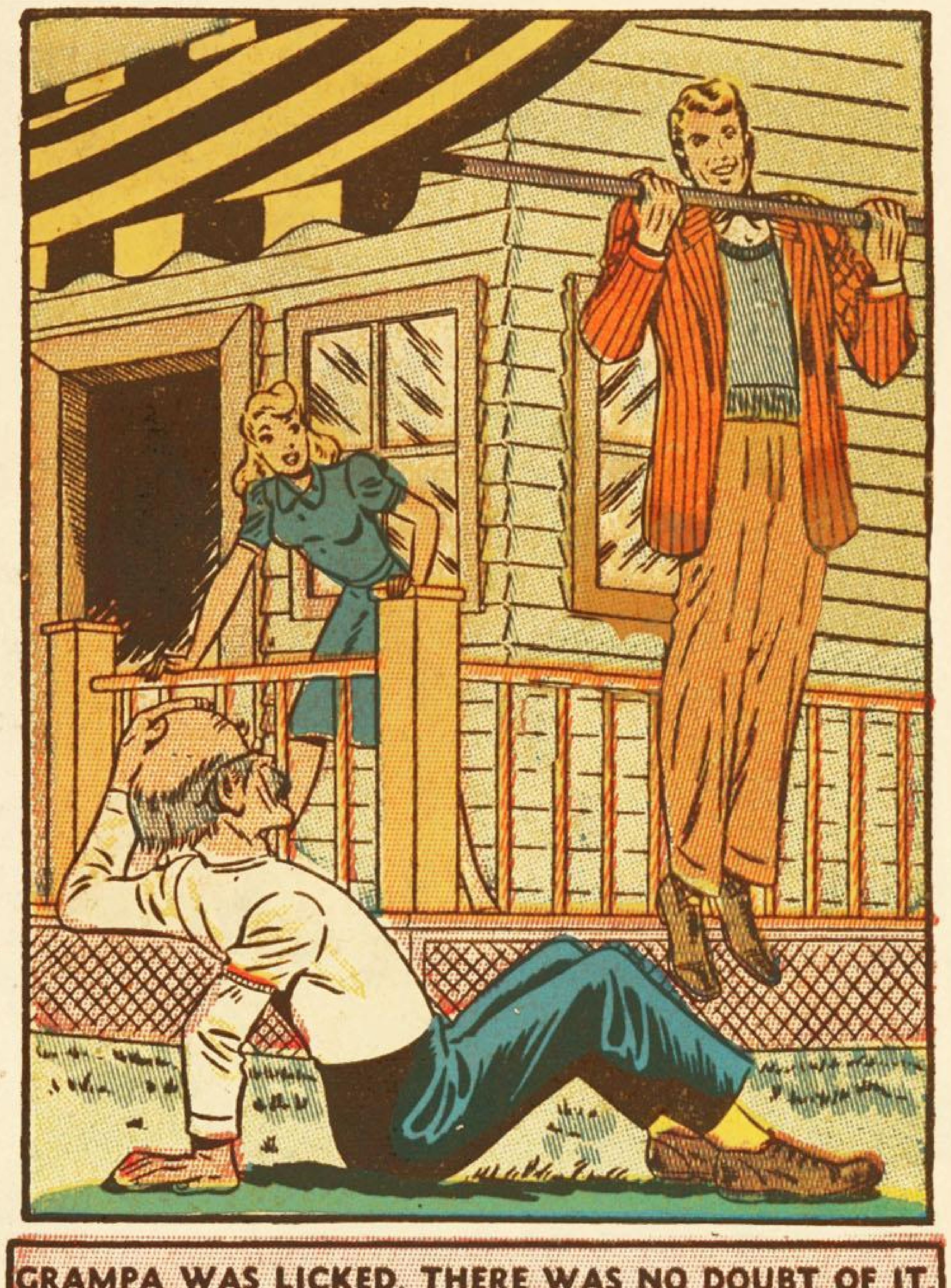
"Twenty-two!" Buck sang out, and grabbed Grampa around the waist with his free arm.

Grampa was hoisted aloft. The twinkle was there in his eye again, even though he was still panting. "You're the first young feller I've seen around here that could blow a fly off a wedding cake!"

"Sir, I can blow the wedding cake off the fly! In one huff!—Twenty-five! That's enough for one evening." And he dropped springily to the ground, depositing Grampa like a ballerina. Buck winked at Francey.

"Shoulda got here a lot earlier," Grampa told him, still not quite squelched. "Take my constitooshionals around 6:00 in the morning—five miles, last two at a dogtrot. Like to see any o' you gayblades do that after your caperings around a juke box till all hours."

"I do seven miles myself," Buck said, "dogtrot five and sprint two. How about my calling for you tomorrow? I'd *like* company."



GRAMPA WAS LICKED, THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF IT.

Francey put her little hands together like an innocent kitten, wondering what foxy Grampa was going to say to *that* one.

Grampa hesitated, kicked at the grass once or twice, then remarked: "Matter of fact, I was planning a 10 mile hike for tomorrow afternoon, so I figgered I'd skip the morning jaunt."

"Maybe the morning after then," Buck suggested.

Grampa pretended not to hear. "Say, how about a ticket to your next football fracas? Like to see a real man play for a change."

"Bet your cavalry boots, Grampa. And if you feel the yen, hop down and get in the game." He tucked Francey's arm under his. "Anything else, Grampa, before Francey and I take over the loving room for the evening?"

"Reckon not. I'm going up to read in my room a spell."

Francey's heart was bursting with pride. "You've done it," she cooed up against Buck.

"Done what?" he grinned.

"Saved my ruined life."

"Gosh!" said Buck, as if he didn't know. But he winked again.

"Dear Diary, Francey wrote that night.

"My Young Lochinvar has come out of the West . . ."

THE END

STORIES
COMICS
COMICS
STORIES
DON'T MISS
JUNIOR MISS!
COMICS
STORIES
COMICS
STORIES
DON'T FAIL TO BUY YOUR COPY OF THE GREAT, NEW, BIGGER-THAN-EVER JUNIOR MISS...
ON SALE NOW!

Fascinating as a MOVIE STAR

Learn the key to Charm-Enchantment. Be a Star in your own Circle. Develop a Personality that Fits and Fascinates.

DON'T COPY LANA TURNER

Be Yourself . . . you can be a successful Wife . . . a charming and glamorous friend. Learn to put your Best Face forward. Develop your possibilities . . . Here is an authoritative book for Young girls, women and Movie and Stage and Radio aspirants.

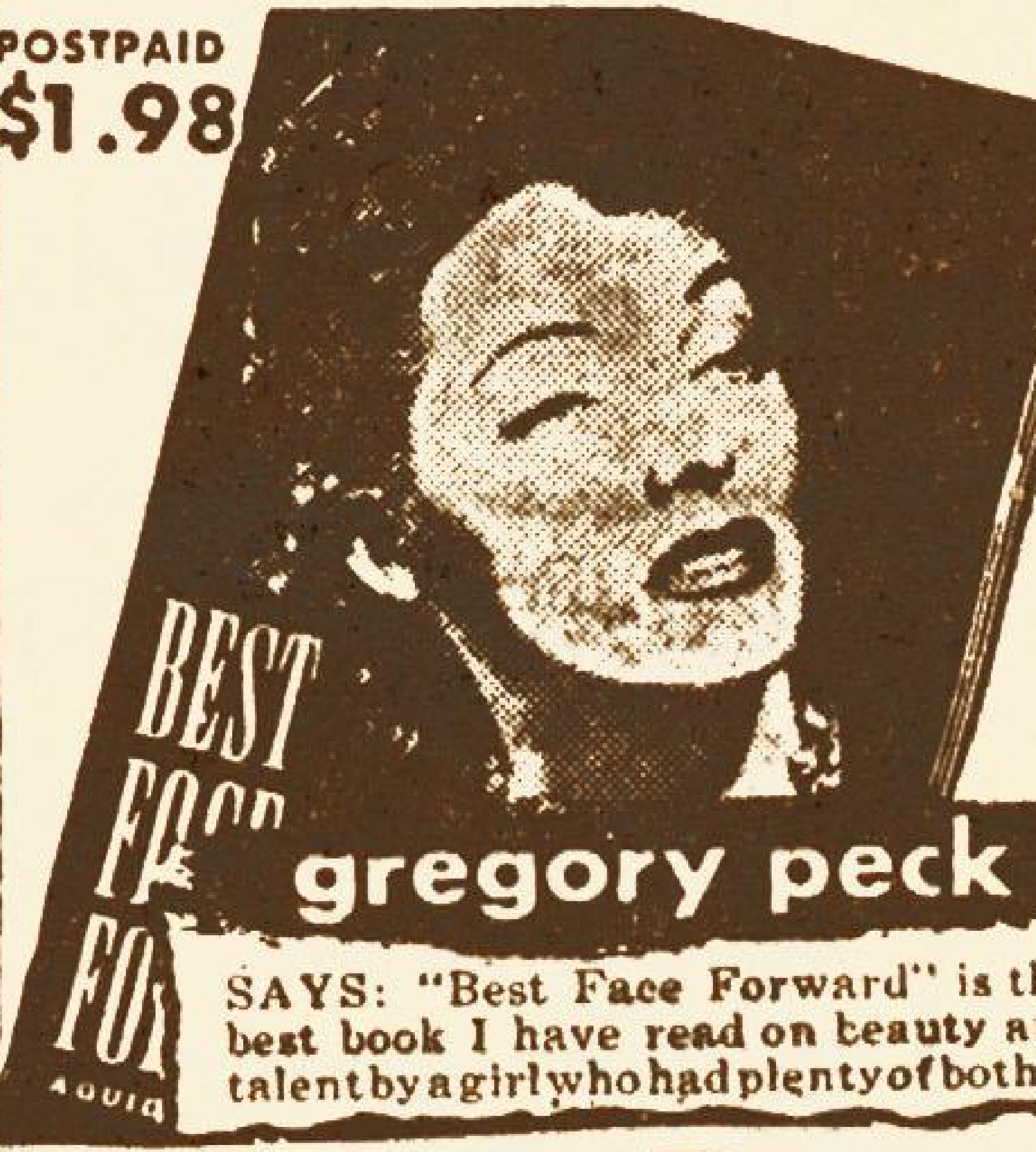
BEST FACE FORWARD

Your Guide to Beauty . . . Charm . . . Career
by Glamorous Screen Actress Adrienne Ames

PARTIAL CONTENTS OF BOOK

Sex Appeal, Charm, Figure, Diet, Personality, Make up Hints, Exercises, Voice, Beauty, Radio Tips, Movie Advice, Your Career, Requisites to Charm, etc.

POSTPAID $1.98



gregory peck

SAYS: "Best Face Forward" is the best book I have read on beauty and talent by a girl who had plenty of both."

Dorothy Kilgallen

SAYS: "Here is a book that every woman, young or old, can use to improve herself in so many ways . . . Best Face Forward by Adrienne Ames is a 'must'."

ALAN BRUCE & CO.,
Box 5, Gravesend Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Rush me Adrienne Ames new book, "BEST FACE FORWARD", for $1.98 postpaid.

I enclose ☐ Check ☐ M. O. ☐ Cash

Name............
Address............
City............ Zone.... State............

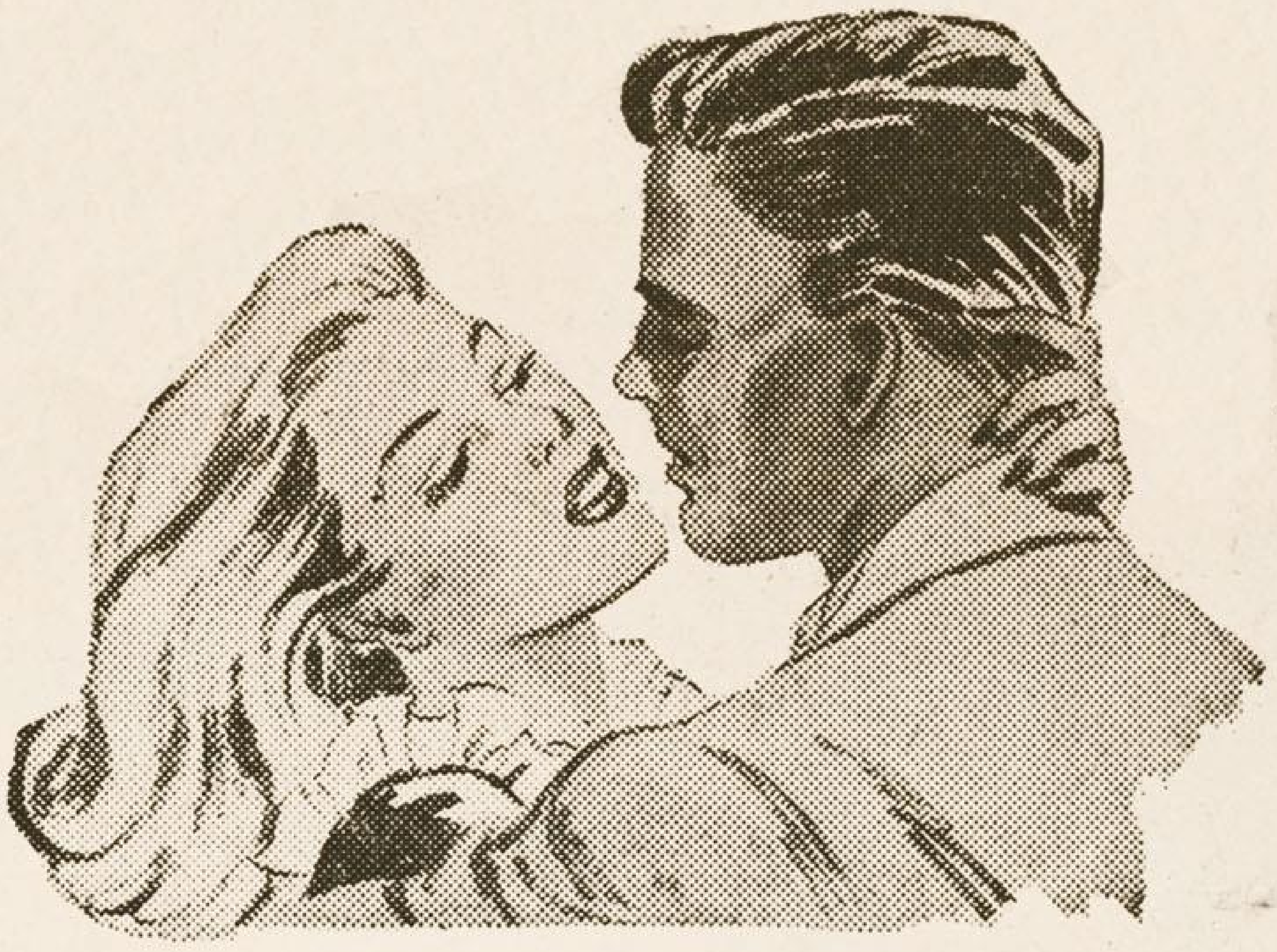
DIAMONDS TOO EXPENSIVE

for your pocketbook? Well— don't worry. Wear and enjoy genuine "Brite-White" ZIRCONS. They are NOT diamonds . . . yet millions admire their sparkling brilliance and beauty. So low-priced, yet so effective. Styles for both ladies and gents, set in modern exquisite gold rings. Write for FREE booklet today.

NATIONAL JEWELRY COMPANY
Dept. 16-D • Wheeling, W. Va.

Catalog FREE!

PATSY WALKER COMICS
52 PAGES OF HILARIOUS TEEN-AGERS!



It's EASY to Win Him!

. . . when You Know How!

READ for YOURSELF!

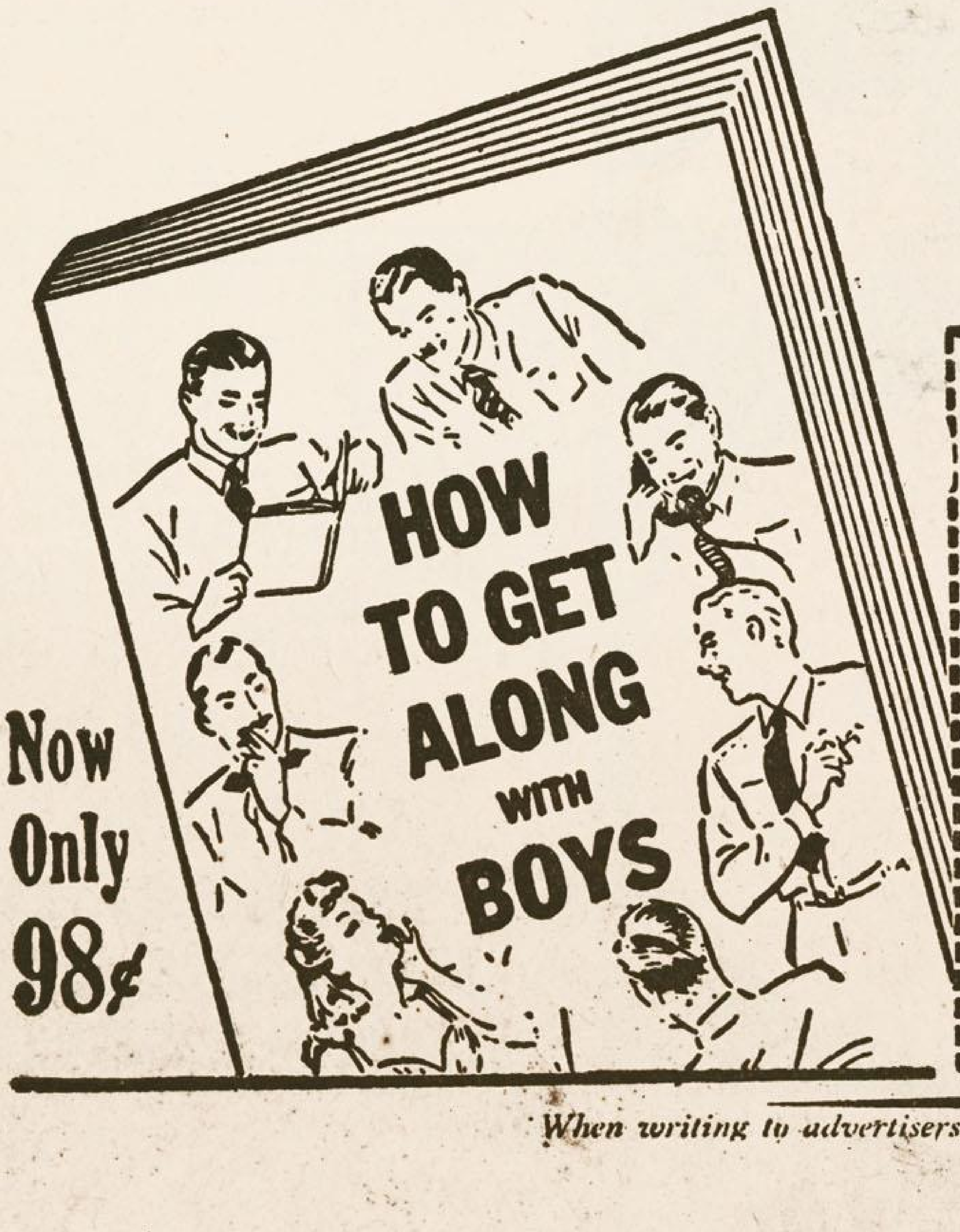
- How To Get Him To Date You
- How To Make Him Enjoy Your Company
- How To Interest Him In You
- How To Have Personality
- How To Overcome Inferiority
- How To Be Well-Mannered
- How Not To Offend Him
- How To Improve Your Conversation
- How To Keep Him Guessing
- How To Become His "One and Only"
- How To "Make Up" With Him
- How To Keep His Love When Apart
- How To Keep Your Soldier's Love When Reunited
- How To Get Him To Propose

AND MORE VALUABLE PAGES!

MEN are funny—you never know whether you're making the right move or not. Avoid disappointment, *heartbreak!* Save yourself lots of tragedy. Don't make embarrassing faux pas! Read HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS and discover for yourself the ABC and XYZ of successful strategy. Put psychology to work. No more clumsy mistakes for *you*—learn once and for all *how to get along with men* in this amazing handbook.

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE five days' examination of this book is offered to you if you send the coupon today! We will ship you your copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, after reading book, return it in 5 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, 113 West 57th St., Dept. M272 New York 19, N. Y.


HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS

Now Only 98¢

MAIL COUPON TODAY

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. M272
113 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS in plain wrapper.

☐ Send C.O.D. and I will pay postman 98c plus postage.

☐ I enclose 98c. Send postpaid.

If not delighted I may return it in 5 days and get my money back.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

CITY..........................STATE..................

Canada —$1.25 with order

never lovelier

Just look at this date dress. Then stop for a second and see yourself in it—as *he'll* see you! Young, high band collar with festive appliqued felt flowers and scalloping. See the scalloping on cuffs and flower-sprinkled peplum too! Wonderful, wide skirt. Separate tie belt. Zipper placket. Superb quality rayon. 9-11-13-15-17. Rush coupon. We mail immediately.

ROYAL BLUE, KELLY GREEN, RED.

ONLY
$5.98

IF YOU WISH, CUT OUT COUPON AND PASTE ON PENNY POSTCARD . .

ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL FROM . . .

Broadway Fashions

599 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

Broadway Fashions Dept. 45-02 599 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $5.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress in 10 days for refund. If prepaid, we pay postage. Do not send cash. No C.O.D.'s in Canada.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	B-9

NAME *(print)*____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

☐ C. O. D. ☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

ENT ON APPROVAL

5-48 nces Martin
ute 2
Simpsonville, South Carolin

HE KNOWS WHAT THEY "GO FOR"...

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
CANDY
rich in dextrose

MOM KNOWS WHAT I LIKE BEST— COOKIES MADE WITH **Baby Ruth!**

Buy 'em or
Bake 'em!
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

Good Fun: **Baby Ruth** makes friends quickly! Bite into the luscious chewy candy bar with its rich chocolate coating and get a real taste-treat! **Baby Ruth** is satisfying, nutritious, and so good to eat!

Good Food: Leave it to the ladies (any age) to know how **Baby Ruth** helps pep up lagging energy! Rich in dextrose, sugar your body uses directly for energy, and other vital nourishment, **Baby Ruth** is welcome any time!

COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILL.